

H. J. Beach

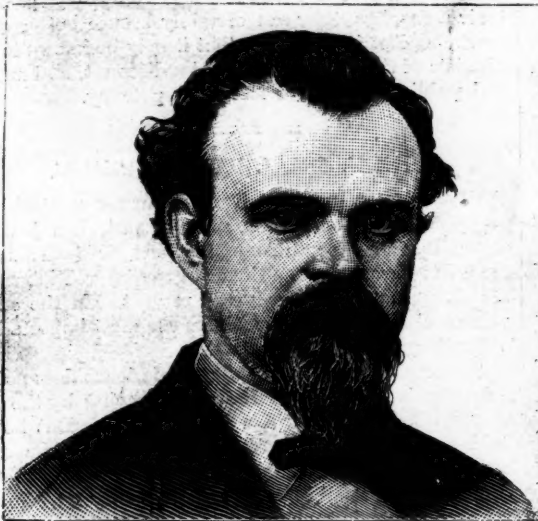
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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MAURICE JOYCE, MAYOR OF EAST ST. LOUIS.
PHOTO. BY FOX.



J. W. HAYES, OF EXECUTIVE BOARD, K. OF L.
PHOTO. BY KOEBLER.



ILLINOIS.—THE RAILROAD STRIKE IN EAST ST. LOUIS—ATTEMPT OF A DEPUTY MARSHAL TO KILL MAYOR JOYCE
DURING THE AFFAIR OF APRIL 9TH.

FROM A SKETCH BY G. J. NEBINGER.—SEE PAGE 154.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

38, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, APRIL 24, 1886.

A REMARKABLE CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS have passed between T. V. Powderly, the chief of the Knights of Labor, and Jay Gould, President of the Missouri Pacific Railway, which will take their place as the most remarkable documents of this era of agitation. Mr. Powderly asserts that Mr. Gould can stop the railway strike if he wishes to do so, and that he himself understood, in his interview, that Mr. Gould was willing to accept arbitration concerning the men who had struck a month before and were still out of employment. He then declares that Mr. Gould will be responsible for "every drop of blood that may be shed" if he does not "restore every man to his place, except those who have broken the laws," and warns him that the Knights of Labor will "fight him in the courts" if he refuses. In inclosing this letter to Mr. Gould, the writer allows him till five o'clock on a certain day to accept the offered terms, and adds that his "wealth cannot save him if this fight is begun."

Mr. Gould replies that he is a free American citizen of fifty years, that he began life in a lowly way, and "if I am now to be destroyed by the Knights of Labor unless I sink my manhood, so be it." He alleges that Mr. Powderly promised him last August that there should be no strike on the Missouri Pacific; that, in violation of this pledge, the strike was precipitated because a man named Hall was discharged from another railroad for which the Gould system was in no way responsible; that the agreement which Powderly misunderstood was a written one, and was published by Powderly, and that it expressed a willingness to meet any committee of workmen "actually in the employ of the company" to adjudicate any grievances; that no such committee has presented itself at the company's office; that so many of the strikers and others have returned to work, that the pay-rolls are now nearly full, and it would be impossible to employ all who apply; that the fight which Mr. Powderly threatens is not between the Knights of Labor and Jay Gould, but between the Knights of Labor and the laws of the United States.

In this correspondence Mr. Powderly appears at a disadvantage. He has changed the issue completely. A week ago he alleged that the strike was "an idiotic one," that it was begun without cause, and that it would be absurd to expect all the strikers to be taken back. Now he speaks as if 4,000 men who left their positions without a cause had a vested right to be employed by the company whose property they have injured, and a legal and moral right to prevent other men, as needy as themselves, from doing the work which they for a month refused to do at all. He ought to know that no such pretense can be maintained, and he should understand, also, that threats of vengeance against Mr. Gould personally for consequences which the Knights of Labor have brought upon themselves will have no other effect than to weaken their cause in the public thought and make their triumph, in cases of actual grievance, the more difficult and improbable.

As the matter stands, we see only one chance for arbitration in this unfortunate affair: let the Knights of Labor who are out of employment by their own act apply to the industrious men who are now at work on Mr. Gould's lines, and ask them if they, the actual present employees, will give up their positions to their predecessors. If they agree to do so, or agree to arbitrate the question, the whole controversy may be settled. If not, it is difficult to see how the late employees can get back in a body, to do work that is now being satisfactorily done by others.

WOMEN AND LITIGATION.

THE bravery shown by Mrs. Schuyler Hamilton in recovering her stolen silver has been widely praised, as it deserved to be, not only because of the service done the community in that particular matter, but because her calm persistency resulted in bringing to light official corruption of the gravest and most scandalous character. The result in this instance brings before us in all its aspects the question as to why women do not more frequently do their duty as good citizens in claiming their rights, and fighting for them, in courts of law. Women are not litigious as a rule, and there is an idea in the brain of a refined woman that she loses caste when she appears in the character of a prosecutor or defendant in a lawsuit. This leads her to submit to the extortionate bill of a dressmaker, the dishonesty of servants, and the defamation of a slanderous acquaintance, with patience, rather than subject herself to the publicity of a public trial.

The old line, so often quoted, has also ceased to be true: "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." "Thrice is she armed who hath no just cause for offense," might be quoted in reference to recent prominent society events. Even in our republican country so great a regard have stern legislators for fashion and money, that a fair petitioner who has both can commit perjury

with safety, receive her "rights," or rather, other people's "wrongs," with certainty and serenity, while some quiet and good woman may be arrested in a shop for stealing, because a piece of fringe has caught to her jet trimmings, be hurried off without a shadow of reason to pass a night in the Tombs, and remain shaken in health and nerves ever after. If a respectable lady goes to a justice's court to demand justice in case a servant has robbed her, she is pilloried by the Press, abused by the judge, laughed at by the surrounding crowd. Her case is misrepresented by the newspapers, she is called by her Christian name with opprobrious epithets, and so on.

No wonder, therefore, that, dreading this monstrous injustice, women who have their quarrel just stay at home and almost compound a felony by their unwillingness to endure the throwing of a little dirt. It has been a very common crime, and frequently exposed, for servants to steal their employers' receipted bills, sell them to tradesmen for small sums, and to see with composure the bill collected over again. Yet many a lady says, "I prefer to put up with this wrong rather than to go to court and to see my name in the papers, with the usual abuse." Another reason for abstaining from the relief which the law is bound to give to the mearest petitioner is, that the lower order of lawyers and justices always take the side of the servant against the employer. Of course the higher order of officials, the better class of wearers of the ermine, generally reverse these decisions, but the unpleasantness of this sort of budding communism is very decided.

But the time is coming when ladies can no longer afford themselves this luxury of compounding felonies. No matter at what cost to herself, the first lady in the land, one who has the most to lose in the way of a spot on her ermine, must for the sake of truth and justice condescend to fight the lesser and the baser elements. Else they will rise and swamp all that we have of safety and sanctity in hearth and home. Just as it was urged a few years ago that gentlemen of means and leisure must accept their place in the responsibilities of government, so now it becomes apparent that women of fortune and position must dare the unkind criticisms of society and the newspapers in the pursuit of justice. The same spirit which led Mrs. Fry through Newgate must lead the American woman into the enforced society of burglars and recipient aldermen if she would recover her lost silver—into the bad atmosphere of a justice's court, into the "Halls of Justice," which in our country are darksome spots; and she must be ready and willing, if she is in the right, to be abused and misrepresented with pitiless vulgarity.

The most curious anomaly here presents itself. The American man is the most chivalrous of creatures in every other relation of life; but when it comes to the treatment of women in the public Press, he seems to lose every nobler attribute of his nature, and to delight in depriving her of every quality which, in daily life, he particularly cherishes and admires.

VENALITY CHECKED AT LAST.

THE arrest of all the members of the Board of New York Aldermen of 1884 who voted for the Broadway franchise, except the five removed from the reach of justice by flight or by death, marks an era in a political and moral revolution. It demonstrates that even in this metropolis there is a point beyond which official venality and corruption cannot go. For years the debauchers of our politics have been growing more and more shameless and audacious. Not only were Aldermen bribed for their votes on all sorts of questions, but so-called district political leaders sold their support or influence at city and county elections to the highest bidder. These machine leaders, or bosses, of all political parties, have quite generally, of late, followed the practice of holding themselves open for proposals to support whatever candidate could place at their disposal the most money. All political principles or affiliations were abandoned upon the call, not of duty, but of rapacity.

Two or three facts are worthy of observation in connection with the indictment of the New York Aldermen. No one political party can claim immunity from the common disgrace. The same number of the corrupted officials belongs to the Republican Party, to Tammany and to the County Democracy. Each of these parties is as responsible for electing corruptible men to office as the other two. A like duty rests upon each to purge itself of its corrupt members. And each must understand that no half-way measures will be tolerated in the work of reformation.

Another fact to be noted in connection with the exposure of Aldermanic venality, is the universal quickening of the public conscience. Not only is public opinion absolutely unanimous that the offenders in the present instance shall be summarily and severely punished, but there is a persistent determination to put an end to all corruption in public office in whatever department of the municipal administration. The problem for all good citizens to solve is, how to make permanent the existing tendencies of the public conscience and the present temper of the public mind. This must not be a mere spasm of public virtue. It must be enlarged and widened into a demand for permanently higher standards of official morality. There must be no letting down to the low levels of the past. With higher aims and higher

ends in view, must come higher attainments and higher results. Absolute integrity in public office must be insisted upon and had.

And, first of all, there must be radical reforms in the modes of nominating men for municipal office. Beer-saloon and gin-mill agitation should no longer control. Money must cease to be the one omnipotent power in New York politics. Generally speaking, heretofore, the City Alderman has bought his way into the City Government, and then has easily stolen enough to keep himself there. His usefulness to his constituents has commonly been measured by the amount of plunder he has helped them to share. He has not been expected to exhibit intelligence in dealing with the complex questions relating to the government of a great city, but has only been required to show craft and cunning in gathering in the "boodle."

Has not the time come for honesty, order and morality to assert themselves in the election of City Aldermen, and in the selection of public officials generally? Should not the clergy and the churches array themselves actively on the side of decency in politics? If the honest men and moral citizens in the community unite in the refusal to support any candidate for office except one of their own class, they can certainly secure better official servants. Let it be tested, that it may be known in what districts of the city honesty is at a discount, and morality and public virtue have lost their potency.

INDUSTRIAL PARTNERSHIPS.

THE chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, Colonel Carol D. Wright, has just presented his Seventeenth Annual Report. No official document in reference to the theme of capital and labor commands more universal or hearty respect. In the current volume Colonel Wright considers the most important and difficult question of co-operation.

The Commissioner holds that experience does not give a firm basis for the hope that profit-sharing by the workmen, without wages, will usually succeed. But he does hold that profit-sharing with wages may prove a permanent remedy for those evils which are now working such disasters to all interests. "Participation," he says, "by workmen in profits in addition to wages is a true harmonizer of the interests of capital and labor." This dividend is a kind of extra pay for extra services which the promise of it induces him to render. His work becomes more thorough and in every respect more satisfactory. In this scheme of profit-sharing the increase of reward is always proportionate to the increase of efficiency.

A notion prevails that the workman, of whatever grade or of whatever character, needs only to be a sharer in profits in order to possess every mercantile advantage. It is believed that thus the incompetent and the indolent find a cure for their incompetency and idleness. The idea is thoroughly false. The men who to-day succeed in co-operation are the men who, a generation ago, before the formation of great corporations, would have succeeded as manufacturers on a small scale—men of moral character, energy and business ability. Here lies, also, one leading cause of the failure of co-operative establishments. The members and managers of these establishments have too often been those who have failed in every previous form of work, and who are by nature and training unable to win success for themselves either alone or in co-operation. It has been proved that a single dissatisfied man, even if his investment be small, can make trouble sufficient to wreck almost any co-operative enterprise. Co-operation is simply a form of partnership, and no efficient merchant will knowingly join himself with partners who are inefficient.

Another false idea has obtained currency. It is the notion that co-operation will enable us to get rid of the employer and the wages system. But the simple fact is, that the workers must have a guarantee, of some sort, of receiving wages at certain intervals. They cannot run the risk of receiving no profit at all, or of receiving it at a distant day. The only one who can give this guarantee is the capitalist employer, for he alone can run risks and wait indefinitely for his pay. In some form the employer and the wages system are permanent elements in all industrial enterprises, and no method of co-operation can successfully eliminate them.

THE SENATE SECRET SESSIONS.

IT is barely possible that the United States Senate will refuse to open its doors, and will continue its secret executive sessions; but no adequate reply will be made to the arguments of Senators Platt, Butler and Logan against that antiquated and preposterous habit. When Mr. Platt alleges that the Civil Service Reform requires "publicity in every step of the appointment of a man to office," he is echoing the sentiment of the whole country, and nothing that can be said in favor of "tradition" and "prerogative" will have any effect in modifying that sentiment. Secret sessions favor chicanery and intrigue, and make fraud possible. It has been abundantly shown that they are a comparatively recent invention, and that they were unknown in the earlier days of the republic—unknown, indeed, till the spoils system was established under Jackson. It is notorious, moreover, that these executive sessions are not secret in regard to the public business discussed, but only in furnishing a safe retreat

for wirepullers and scandalmongers, who soil and disgrace the public service. Some of the Senators, Republicans mostly, seem resolved to retain this pernicious adjunct of our Government machinery; but they cannot succeed without inflicting serious damage on the party for which they speak. How can they demand the official secrets of the President so long as they themselves sit behind locked doors to consider the very same subjects?

HEALTH AT SUMMER RESORTS.

THIS is the season when a large portion of the urban population consult guide-books and advertisements, and make plans for the Summer vacation. For the "society" people there is Europe, or Newport, or Mt. Desert, or Lennox, and there are those who remain faithful to Saratoga. Those who own Summer residences may be trusted to provide securely for their personal comfort. But the majority will be compelled to become dependent upon landlords. Some will betake themselves to the caravansaries of more or less fashionable seaside and mountain resorts. Others, whose wives or daughters are willing to dispense with the more showy social festivities, will seek rest and quiet in out-of-the-way country places. The Summer movement becomes each year a more important feature of our social life. Fortunately, Americans, hard-working and active as we are, are learning to recognize the necessity of a season of recreation. The theory is admirable. But it happens every year that people return from the Summer's outing in much poorer health than when they left the cities. Physicians report cases of sickness every Fall which were contracted during the Summer. And the same physicians tell us that these most unfortunate results could easily be prevented.

For sickness and death from defective sanitary arrangements are no longer accepted as due to "the visitation of God." In our cities the simpler sanitary principles are fairly understood, and, although they are not always put in practice, yet most dwellers in cities live under reasonably safe sanitary conditions. In the country, and at many Summer resorts, there seems to be an idea that the mere fact of living in country air compensates for a total lack of attention to plumbing, drainage, and similar matters. As a matter of fact, many country people, among them some who are now preparing for "Summer boarders," live in a way which would attract the intervention of a city Board of Health. They use water from wells contaminated by cesspools, never considering the varied inclinations of underground strata and the ease with which liquids carrying noxious organic elements will soak through ordinary earth. Often there are foul barnyards near the houses, and slops are thrown out upon the ground, poisoning the air which enters sleeping-rooms and fatally tainting water in daily use. Filth of various kinds is allowed to accumulate near the houses, and matter subject to decay is left in cellars which of themselves are damp and unwholesome. In the smaller Summer boarding-houses drainage is often entirely uncared for. It is considered sufficient to lead pipes from sinks out-of-doors, and allow them to discharge upon the surface of the ground. The plumbing of large Summer hotels is too often considered a detail of the least consequence, and sometimes these houses are built in unwholesome places.

These are but a few of the dangers which many visitors to the country have encountered. They look only for "a good table," "pleasant rooms," and the chances for amusements. They forget that there may be poison in the air which they breathe, the water they drink, and the milk which they give to their children. Yet sanitary literature contains many reports of epidemics of typhoid fever, and peculiarly malignant diphtheria, due to, or intensified by, such conditions as we have indicated.

We commend these considerations to those who are now deciding upon their Summer resting-places, and we recommend them particularly to the owners of Summer hotels and boarding-houses. The latter are now preparing for the Summer campaign. They are painting their houses, arranging their grounds, and buying new furniture and crockery, all of which is well enough so far as it goes. But it will be well to bear in mind the old saying concerning whitened sepulchres. Let them procure such advice as is contained in Board of Health circulars, and act upon it. Or, better yet, let them employ a sanitary expert to overhaul their houses and surroundings. In the long run this pays. We remember the proprietor of a Catskill hotel who was nearly ruined, a few years since, by a violent outbreak of diphtheria in his house, which will not soon be forgotten. Summer landlords will find the "ounce of prevention" most profitable. And the time to prevent suffering, and perhaps death, for their guests, and disaster for themselves, is now.

THE OUTLOOK FOR HOME RULE.

THE agitation over Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule project grows in interest and intensity, both in and out of Parliament. During the past week the measure has been vigorously debated in the House of Commons, its principal assailants being Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Goschen and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, while its passage was strongly urged by Attorney-general Russell, Sir William Harcourt, and others—Mr. Gladstone closing the discussion in a speech of great power, in which he disposed effectively of many of the objections urged against the scheme. The opponents of the Bill failed entirely to suggest any acceptable alternative scheme, and while public opinion was at first undoubtedly hostile, there are

some indications of a turn in the tide. It is intimated that the Bill may finally be modified so as to include representation of Ireland at Westminster, and in some other particulars; but there does not appear to be any definite authority for the statement. Large and imposing popular demonstrations against the measure have been held in London and elsewhere, and these are to be followed up by an active campaign on the part of its opponents during the Easter recess; but the Liberals are equally active, and by the date fixed for the second reading of the Bill, the 10th of May, public opinion will no doubt assert itself decisively. At this stage, no conjectures as to the outcome of the contest can be made with safety. It is possible that the Bill may pass, but its majority in any case will be meagre. Mr. Gladstone is represented to be confident of victory, and his courage and assurance will, no doubt, exert a wholesome influence upon his followers; but unless he can recall some of the deserters from the Liberal ranks, it is difficult to see how he can carry the Bill in its present shape. However this may be, it is certain that Home Rule for Ireland must come sooner or later; and to Mr. Gladstone, more than to any other one man, history will accord the glory of the grand achievement.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE budget introduced in the British House of Commons, last week, estimates the expenditures for the next fiscal year at £90,428,599, and the revenue at £89,885,000. It is proposed to meet the deficit by taking £800,000 from the £6,750,000 applicable to the reduction of the national debt, which has been reduced £30,000,000 in the past five years. No changes are proposed in taxation beyond the abolition of license tax on private brewing in cottages the annual rental of which is under £8, entailing a loss of £16,000 in revenue. In presenting the budget, Sir William Harcourt stated that last year's deficit in revenue amounted to £2,642,943, the main falling off being in the tax on alcohol, the receipts from which were £1,179,000 less than for the previous fiscal year. Within a decade there has been a decrease in revenue from alcohol of £4,500,000. This statement will no doubt give especial satisfaction to the temperance people of the kingdom.

The Irish Land Purchase Bill, proposed to the House of Commons by Mr. Gladstone on Friday last appears to have been more favorably received than was anticipated. The Premier's statement, while somewhat incomplete, removed some erroneous impressions as to the character of his scheme, and embodied a strong arraignment of Irish landlordism and its "hideous progeny." The Bill proposes to issue £50,000,000 of consols from the £180,000,000 in new three's already issued, the money to be used by the state authorities to buy out the landlords and put the peasants in possession as absolute proprietors, subject to an annual rent charge until the total payments equaled the purchase money. The standard of land value would be the judicial rental of 1845; or in cases where that had not been fixed, a Land Commission would decide. The charge upon the Irish exchequer would be £2,000,000 per annum, to meet which it would be able to levy for rents amounting to £2,500,000 per annum, and this sum would be the first charge on the rents and taxes raised by the Irish Government. Adding to this the Imperial contribution, the sum paid to England by Ireland would be £6,242,000 per annum, secured on a revenue amounting to £10,850,000, no portion of which would be applied to any purpose until £6,000,000 was paid into the English exchequer. As was expected, Mr. Chamberlain announced his opposition to the scheme. The second reading of the Bill was fixed for May 13th.

There is still a possibility of trouble in connection with the Eastern question. Germany, Russia and Austria have notified the Porte that they are taking fresh steps to compel Greece to disarm, but up to this writing that Government has persisted in its preparations for war. Greece is not, of course, in a position to make any effective resistance to the Powers, but she can keep up an agitation that finally may have serious consequences.

Several cases of Asiatic cholera are reported to have occurred at Brindisi, in Southern Italy.

THE Scotch have taken umbrage at the Queen's refusal to open the International Exhibition at Edinburgh, although its projectors were willing to postpone the ceremony for ten days to suit Her Majesty's convenience. Scotland has not been in the habit of asking much from either Royalty or the Government, and has long ago recognized it as her peculiar privilege to pay the largest proportion of revenue into the exchequer, get the smallest in return, and give the least trouble. A few more slights on the part of Royalty like that mentioned, and on the part of the Government like a refusal of a seat in the Cabinet to the Scottish Secretary, as in the case of Mr. Trevelyan recently, would develop a dangerous spirit of opposition in the Northern Kingdom.

WHEN Lord Randolph Churchill undertook to criticise Mr. Gladstone's Irish proposals in the British House of Commons, last week, the natural laws of contrast caused him to appear under a disadvantage comparable to that of a rather small man following at the heels of a giant. The climax of absurdity was reached when Lord Randolph, wishing to quote from the Act of the Union, fumbled confusedly about, and found that he did not have it with him; whereupon the Premier himself produced the document, and, turning up the article sought, calmly handed it to his embarrassed little opponent. Even the Tories could not help joining in the laughter and cheers that greeted this exquisite bit of acted sarcasm, which could not have been excelled by Beaconsfield at his best.

THERE is no longer any room for doubt that the steamship *Oregon* was sunk as the result of a collision with some unknown vessel. Divers who last week succeeded in making an examination of the sunken ship discovered a rent in her side three and a half feet wide and six feet in length, extending downward from a point twelve feet below the main deck. The iron sides of the vessel had been bulged right in, and had even smashed a part of the cargo. The hole had the appearance of having been made by the crown of an anchor. The divers also discovered a huge crack in the hull of the vessel on the port side, which, on climbing its ragged and widening edges until they reached the deck, they found to be eighteen feet wide, showing the ill-fated vessel broken completely in two.

THE United States Senate has passed, by a decisive vote, the resolution of Mr. Frye, declaring it to be the sense of the Senate that Congress should not provide for any joint commission to consider and settle the fisheries question. In the debate on the resolution, Mr. Frye said the only question between America and Canada was whether American fishing-vessels should be permitted to buy bait and ice in Canadian ports, and as to this he argued that there was, under British municipal law, really no room for doubt. Secretary Bayard, he added, had finally assumed this position, having in a recent dispatch declared that, in his opinion, American fishing-vessels have the right to all ordinary commercial privileges in

friendly ports, and that he hoped to be able to obtain such an understanding as would relieve American fishermen of all doubt on the subject. The simple fact as to this whole question is that the municipal law of Great Britain permits Americans to take their vessels into Canadian ports, like vessels of any other nation, and that if the British Government shall enforce the policy adopted by the Canadians in proposing to exclude American fishing-vessels from Canadian ports, it will in doing so violate its own laws.

THE House of Representatives has adopted a resolution for the appointment of a committee of seven members to "investigate the causes and extent of the disturbed relations between railroad corporations and their employes" in the Mississippi Valley, and report, during the present session, such recommendations as may seem desirable. In the Senate, Mr. Sherman has proposed an amendment to the Arbitration Bill, which provides for a commission of twelve members, who shall thoroughly investigate all controversies between employers and employes, and report to Congress, by Bill or otherwise, not later than the first Monday in December next.

THE fate of the new Morrison Tariff Bill seems to be already decided. The Bill is obnoxious to the Pennsylvania delegation, the Ohio wool men and the Louisiana sugar interests, and the opposition from these quarters, joined to that of some positive protectionists from Tennessee, Georgia and the Virginias, assures its defeat. Mr. Morrison, who had supposed that the liberal concessions made to Pennsylvania, in not disturbing iron, steel, ores and coal, would silence the Democratic protectionists, is said to be much disappointed at the failure of his plans. It is not now probable that any revised tariff will pass at the present session, though it is intimated that an effort may yet be made to adjust existing Democratic differences by modifying the present Bill as to wool and sugar, and enlarging the free list by adding other articles which would cheapen our products without crippling important industries.

THE present is most certainly a period of innovation and startling surprises and reversals of former modes of doing things. Not so long ago the teachers did all the striking; now the schoolboys do it, with this essential difference, that formerly the scholar was struck, but now only part of the time allotted to his studies is to be stricken. A few days ago a petition was handed by the pupils to the teachers of a school in Troy, asking that only one session a day, and that to close at noon, be held, thus leaving the entire afternoon to the petitioners. Their petition not having been granted, the boys struck; but a little salutary force employed by parents, teachers and others rendered their strike less successful than others of older strikers have sometimes been. A strike among Greenpoint scholars, and another in the Central High School of Philadelphia, for a curtailment of the hours of study, had a like unsuccessful outcome.

A THRIVING manufacturing town in New Jersey has a Servant Girls' Association, the object of which is to bring recalcitrant mistresses to reason. No mistress can discharge a domestic without the consent of the Society, and if she does so she will be prevented from engaging another. Recently a Bridget there asked her employer where she might entertain her Patrick, and upon being informed that she might do so in the kitchen, her aspiring nose approached the zenith in its altitude, and she threatened her daring mistress with all the terrors of a domestics' boycott. Such tyranny is unbearable, and the Bill recently introduced into the State Senate having reference to this crying domestic evil will be welcomed by thousands, who feel as if it were better for them to perform their own domestic tasks than to submit to such intolerable insolence on the part of those whom they pay so well for their services.

NO BETTER evidence could be furnished of the deplorable and disastrous effects of the strikes so common of late than is afforded by the fact that a Delaware car company has refused contracts amounting to \$385,000 during the last six weeks. It would be unreasonable to suppose that large manufacturers would take extensive contracts while the ability to perform the work agreed upon rests upon such a doubtful circumstance as the labors of men who may strike at any moment, not from any personal grievance they have to complain of, but merely from their affiliations with labor organizations. This latter fact was emphasized most strikingly a few days ago, when 1,200 hands employed by a silk manufacturer in Paterson, N. J., struck at the command of a cigarmaker from Albany, who had insisted that the superintendent should sign a paper which proposed to introduce great changes into the dyeing-shops. The men who struck had no complaint to make against their employer, and were satisfied with their wages.

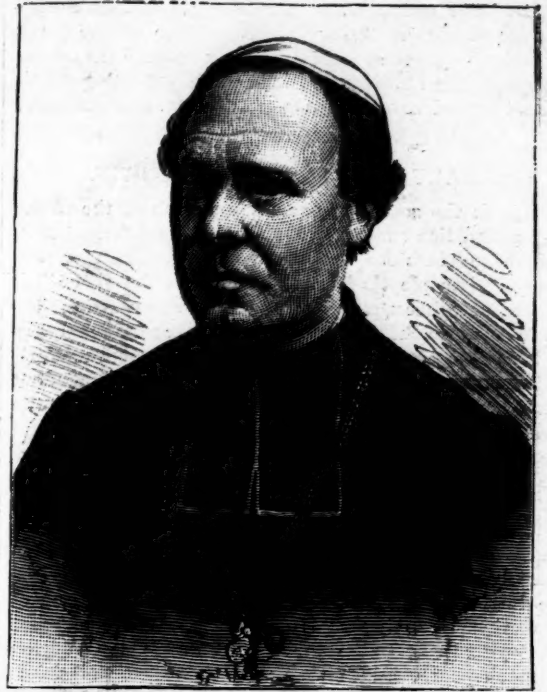
TWO INTERESTING boycotts, last week, operated in a manner which is likely to shake the public's faith in their efficacy as coercive engines. One, directed against Mrs. Gray, who keeps a bakery in Hudson Street, New York city, resulted in the arrest of eight of the obstreperous boycotters, and a boom for the intended victim's pie. The other was a social affair, with a political animus; and Mrs. Foraker, wife of the Governor of Ohio, was the boycottee. Because Governor Foraker recommends a revision of the State laws with a view to making it difficult for unincorporated banks and associations and wealthy citizens to evade just taxation, certain of the "first ladies" of Columbus resent the implied affront to the heads of their families by staying away from Mrs. Foraker's receptions. This aristocratic boycott is said to be quite contrary to the current of popular sentiment. The latter will doubtless vindicate the Governor's wife as triumphantly as the New York courts have vindicated Mrs. Gray; and the fair social conspirators, like the assailants of the Hudson Street bakery, may discover with regret that their cake is dough.

THE Natural Premium or Assessment Insurance Companies, whose business has lately multiplied and increased with surprising rapidity, are much interested in a Bill pending in the New York Legislature, allowing those having \$100,000 deposited with the State Insurance Department to re-incorporate under the general insurance law, and be protected by the same stringent legislation which governs the stock or old-line companies. Should this permission be granted, the co-operative companies complying with the required conditions could then transact business in other States and greatly extend their field and benefits. The measure has already prevailed in the Assembly by a large majority, and its objects appear to be all in the direction: to give greater protection to the insured, to provide sound insurance at moderate cost, and enlarge as widely as possible the benefits of the best features of the system. The Bill has the support of some of the best legal and financial talent in the Legislature, and will doubtless be approved by Governor Hill, and become a law. Its benefits will be as great to the citizens of other States as to those of New York.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 151.



IRELAND.—ARRIVAL OF A GUNBOAT AT INISHBOFFIN, WITH MEAL FOR THE STARVING INHABITANTS.



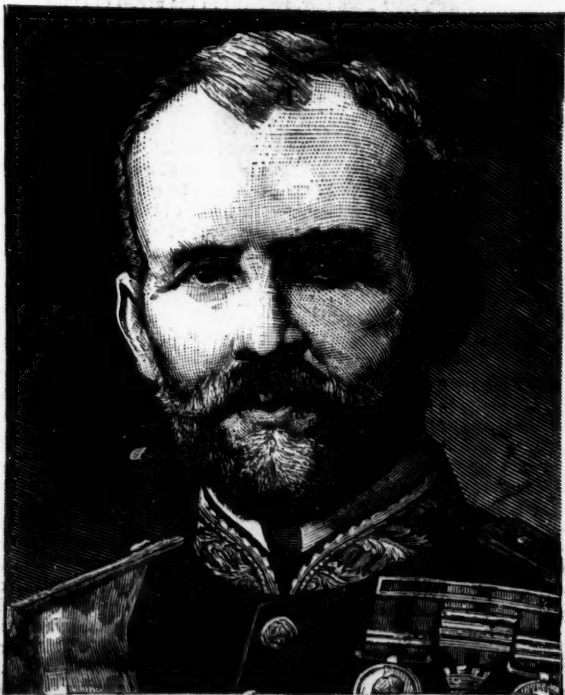
GERMANY.—DR. KOPP, THE NEW BISHOP OF FULDA.



FRANCE.—RECEPTION IN HONOR OF FRANZ LISZT AT THE STUDIO OF THE SCULPTOR GODEBSKI, PARIS.



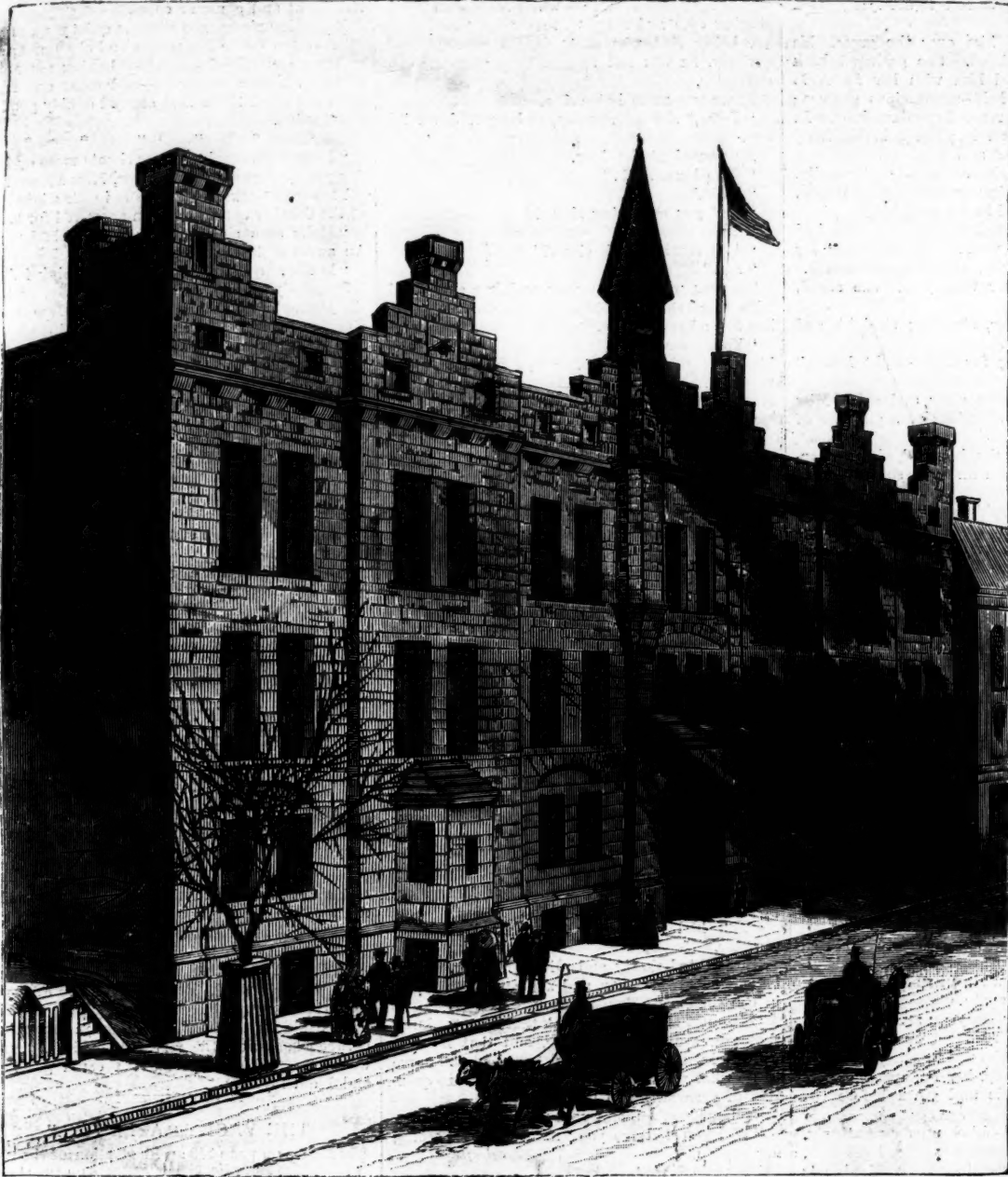
BURMAH.—LORD DUFFERIN HOLDING A LEVEE IN THE GRAND THRONE ROOM OF THE PALACE AT MANDALAY.



SEÑOR D. EMILIO CALLEJA, CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF CUBA.



SERVIA.—KING MILAN SIGNING THE PEACE WITH BULGARIA IN THE KONAK AT NISCH.



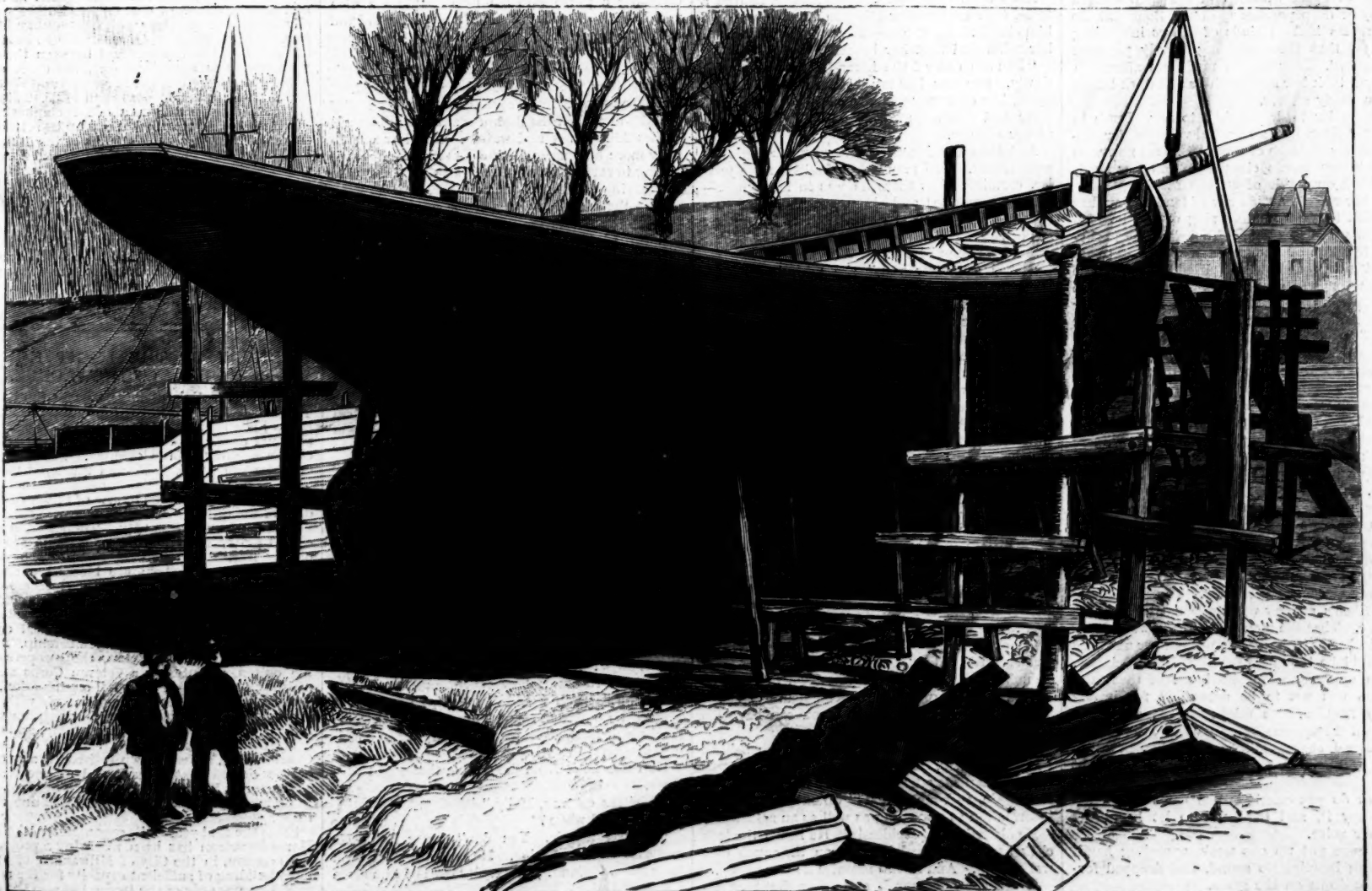
WISCONSIN.—ARMORY OF THE LIGHT HORSE SQUADRON OF MILWAUKEE.
SEE PAGE 150.



KENTUCKY.—HON. CALEB W. WEST, NEW GOVERNOR
OF UTAH.
PHOTOGRAPH BY REDMON.

HON. CALEB WALTON WEST,
THE NEW GOVERNOR OF UTAH TERRITORY.

THE new Governor of Utah, Hon. Caleb Walton West, of Cynthiana, Ky., is a self-made man, and has been identified with the Democratic Party from the outset of his career. He was born in the town where he now resides, May 25th, 1844, and after attending school at Millersburg, commenced the study of law. The civil war breaking out, he enlisted, at the age of seventeen, in the Army of Northern Virginia. Subsequently he served in the cavalry under General John H. Morgan, remaining in the service until the close of hostilities. After the war he served in the capacity of deputy clerk, still reading the law. In 1866 he was admitted to practice at the Bar, and in the same year was appointed County Attorney to fill an unexpired term, being afterwards re-elected. In 1868 he was elected County Judge of Harrison County, but resigned the position to prosecute his profession. As a lawyer he has been notably successful. In the State Convention which nominated J. Proctor Knott for Governor two years ago, he was a very formidable candidate for Lieutenant-governor, and came very near carrying off the honor, although his name was not mentioned until after the convention had convened. The Cynthiana Democrat, referring to his appointment as Governor of Utah, says: "The Governor refuses to be interviewed upon his course in the Territory, but from our knowledge of him we know his course will be conservative and consistent."



NEW YORK.—THE YACHT "ATLANTIC," NOW BEING BUILT AT MUMM'S SHIPYARD, SOUTH BROOKLYN, TO DEFEND THE "AMERICA" CUP.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 150.

BEREAVED.

DO you know that my smiles are sadder far
Than a rain of heart-broken tears?
Do you know that my gay bright greetings bear
The pent-up sorrow of years?

You have laid on my heart the heavy stone
That closes youth's sepulchre,
Yet I press your hand, and we lightly talk
Of the beautiful days that were.

You have stabbed my soul, yet I meet your eyes
With eyes that are meek and still.
How I long to caress and—to wound you, dear,
With the selfsame passionate thrill!

Oh, changed and lost! If I wept beside
Your grave, with deep grasses grown,
You could not be further away from me,
And—I could not be more alone!

MARY AINGE DEVERE.

ONE NIGHT.

"THERE'S the shotgun, Molly, and here's my revolver. Both loaded." "Yes, Tom." "Now, mind, child, there isn't one chance in ten thousand that there will be a soul near you. If I thought there was, Molly, I wouldn't leave you. You understand that?"

"Yes, Tom." "If any one does come, it will be a neighbor or a neighbor's boy. The bandits and desperadoes have all joined traveling shows. If you don't go scaring yourself to death, you will be all right."

"Yes, Tom." "But there's a lot of moral support in a shooting-iron, and maybe you'll feel a little safer with these."

He stooped to kiss her, feeling her lips tremble a little as he touched them. But she smiled as she raised her head, and her good-by was quite steady.

"Plucky little thing," he said to himself, as he rode down the trail at a long, swinging lope.

At fourteen Mary Allison's mother died. Then her father, with broken health and spirits, gathered up the wreck of his fortunes and went away to the green wilderness of a Kansas ranch, leaving the girl in an Eastern school. Tom's college course being at an end, he went with his father, and presently found himself making a profitable business of sheep to the remembered rhythm of Greek and Latin classics. When, four years later, Miss Allison had been properly graduated with much ceremony and white muslin, her father, too, had "joined the majority," and she found Tom living in a precarious fashion at the hands of a native housekeeper, and enthusiastically glad to welcome even this very inexperienced head to his small household.

That was in July, and on that radiant September afternoon, Tom found himself imperatively called to the nearest town twenty miles away. The woman who ruled the kitchen had taken herself over the creek to "visit her kinfolks," and the herders were all at the ends of the earth with their flocks, when Tom sank out of sight behind the low prairie swells. Miss Allison had the whole green world to herself as far as she could see.

The simply built house had the New England requisite of space within, and the southwestern necessity of deep porches without. Somehow the empty rooms had all kinds of echoes inhabiting them, now that the exorcising manly presence was removed. Miss Allison made her afternoon toilet, and took her sewing-chair and work-basket out to a shady corner.

It was easier to dream than to sew. Truth to tell, Miss Allison had no special vocation for employment for the sake of work. She sat now with slender brown hands clasped behind her head, and drifted on a tide of aimless fancies.

Over her arched a wide sky of tender, cloudless blue. Out to the bounding ring of the horizon swept the world of green. From sky-edge to sky-edge a full tide of Summer sunshine seemed to rise and fall in great fire-hearted billows as the south wind surged across the space. There were no shadows, but the soft glare did not blind nor scorch. And before she knew it she was fast asleep.

She awoke with a sudden start, broad awake after a most unaccustomed fashion. All her senses came back to her instantly. The whole wide heaven was aglow with sunset, an unbroken, unfecked arch of color fading down through every tender tint to the cool gray of the short twilight. She took it all in at a single glance, and against the glory a man's figure standing black and motionless.

She was on her feet at once. Not a neighbor nor a neighbor's boy; somebody careless, bare-headed, with white drawn face, and a helpless arm swung in a blood-stained bandage.

She stood speechless, motionless, an awful, helpless terror clutching her heart. The moral support of Tom's armory was quite out of reach in the house. That the man was already wounded—that he looked as if the merest push of her unarmed hand would be too much for him, did not matter. Such an appearance in the heart of that calm loneliness was not to be accounted for in any ordinary fashion. He might be the climax of any dreadful sequence of events. If Miss Allison had reasoned, she would have found herself afraid of what had happened, rather than of what might come.

"What do you want?" She came forward a step to say it, and tried not to let her heart choke her voice.

The figure put up one weak, appealing hand, uttered an inarticulate sound, and dropped forward face down on the grass.

Miss Allison looked about her a minute. All the little flashy pools in the prairie caught the reflection from above, and shone red in the gathering gloom about them. A slender new moon and a single great white star hung calm

in the fading glow. She saw it all, and saw herself alone with that prostrate figure lying black before her.

She went towards him over the grass. He neither spoke nor stirred. She gathered back her dress and touched him with her foot. It was an involuntary, half-unconscious gesture; but the woman in her reacted spontaneously. In an instant she was on her knees beside him, touching the cold hand and forehead.

"He has fainted!" she said aloud, quite coolly. There was that redeeming quality in Miss Allison. Her wits were at hand in an emergency.

In two minutes camphor and ammonia had done their appointed work. The stranger lay gasping feebly, but with restored consciousness.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked, crisply.

He looked up at her, standing straight and tall in her white dress.

"I've eaten nothing for forty-eight hours," he said, quietly.

Speech and voice were clear and soft. Miss Allison found herself conscious of a glimmer of friendly interest.

"Can you get into the house?" with matter-of-fact coolness; "I will find you something to eat."

He raised himself weakly as she turned away. Miss Allison looking up presently from her struggles with the cooking-stove fire, found him standing in the doorway regarding her out of hollow, sunken eyes. She had lighted a lamp, and Tom's revolver lay within reach.

A faint smile crossed the man's pale lips. Miss Allison saw it, and a little flash of temper sent color and light into her cheeks and eyes.

"I need accounting for?" answering the flash.

"You do, certainly," sharply. "There's bread and a glass of wine beside you. Drink it and lie down till this coffee boils."

He obeyed her. When Miss Allison went to him presently with her coffee, she found him asleep. And from the wounded arm a dark stream dripped slowly.

Miss Allison set down her tray, and turned faint and sick. Then she roused him gently.

"Look at your arm. What is the matter with it?"

"I have been shot," drowsily. "It is bleeding again? Can you—get me—" falling off into unconsciousness, half sleep, half stupor.

"Oh, dear!" desperately. "He's going to bleed to death! You must wake up!" seizing his shoulder, and speaking with a ring in her clear voice.

He opened his eyes again.

"I will help you bandage your arm."

The apron that she had tied over her white dress was in strips, and she was bending over him, her hands not quite steady, her face pale. There was blood on her hands and gown before the work was done.

"I am very sorry," looking up deprecatingly. He had long-lashed, womanish eyes, and his face, if not handsome, was certainly not ruffianly nor coarse.

She poured his coffee and cut his food. A man with one hand is not expected to be expert with knife and fork; but he ate and drank with a refinement that made his evident eagerness more marked and touching.

Not a word was spoken. Miss Allison, behind a table, with her revolver lying in her lap, watched him closely. All at once a conclusion flashed on her mind and took her breath away.

"You are one of the horse-thieves!" she said, slowly. She was leaning towards him, her lips apart, her eyes very wide open.

He laid down his knife and fork, and looked at her silently.

And then the inconsequent woman's logic asserted itself. The man was a fugitive from justice, certainly; but there he was in her power—hungry—wounded and—interesting. And, somehow, the Allison blood had a trick of taking the losing side.

She rose impulsively.

"They are after you," she said, in a half-whisper. "The whole community is searching."

"I know it," despondently. "I have been in the brush for two days. Somebody gave me this," touching his arm. "I was starved out, worn out, and came here to surrender."

"Finish your supper," abruptly.

Then she went away, and on the porch paced steadily up and down for ten good minutes in the twilight. Through the open window she could watch her visitor, and she had her revolver firmly clutched.

He had finished his meal when she went back.

"I don't know anything about you," she said, severely. "I don't want to. You are a young man, and you do not look as if you were entirely hardened in crime. I am going to give you another chance. I don't know whether I am doing right or wrong," breaking down in her moral tone. "I don't care!" She stopped, and caught her breath. Then she hurried on, forgetting everything, woman fashion, in the excitement of the moment: "The eastern train passes at four o'clock. It's only a signal-station, and there will be nobody there. I'll take you down in time for it, and that will give you six good hours of sleep. Tom isn't coming home, and you can have his clothes."

She opened the door of a small room behind her—an orderly, half-filled storeroom.

"You can stay here. Nobody will come; and if they do, I—I am armed!" valiantly giving the information as a warning as well as an assurance.

He obeyed her speechlessly. He heard the lock click as she stretched herself on the couch that waited him. And in two minutes he was asleep.

It did not seem much more than that time before he woke, to find her standing beside him.

"Here are Tom's clothes. You have ten minutes to get dressed. I've ripped the coat-sleeve, you see; and there's a traveling-shawl. The horses are ready."

She was waiting for him as he came out. A slight, dark-clad figure; a white face, with wide, shining eyes and resolute, firmly set lips. After all, being clad with a semblance of order and decency, he was not such a desperate-looking character.

There was more hot coffee.

"Come," she said, curtly, as he put down his cup.

He paused at the door.

"Who harnessed?"

"I did."

"And you are going alone?"

"Quite alone."

"And coming back alone?"

"Yes."

She was whiter than ever, and her eyes filled with tears as she looked up at him. Anything less like a heroine never figured in an adventure.

"You poor child!" There was nothing but kindly pity in his voice. "You will take your revolver?" glancing towards it as it lay on the table.

"Yes."

"Hadden't you better," gently, "let me load it?"

"It is loaded," Tom said so.

"Tom was mistaken. See," showing her the empty chambers.

There was the faintest light in the room, carefully screened from outside observation. She had sunk back in her chair at the discovery of Tom's blunder. His face was in strong relief as, with one hand, he did his work slowly and awkwardly.

"You are sure you can use it?"

Somehow there seemed a curious change in their relations.

The swift ponies knew the firm little hands holding the reins. The trail was smooth as a floor, and the five miles vanished behind them. In the clear darkness of the west burned a low, red light.

"There's your train. The station is just ahead. I shall wait here till I see that you get away."

It was the first word that had been spoken.

She pulled her horses down to a walk.

"I hope," forcing herself to improve the occasion, "that you won't do it again."

"Get caught for a horse-thief?" pleasantly.

"I certainly shall try to avoid it."

It did not sound penitent. Miss Allison experienced a revulsion of feeling.

"You had better get down here," she said, severely.

He alighted slowly and with difficulty. Then he turned towards her, and she saw his face pale in the shadow of Tom's slouched hat.

"I do not want you to think that I do not know that you are saving my life, and that not one woman in a thousand would have had the nerve to do what you have done."

There was no question of earnestness in his voice now.

"I hope you'll mend your ways then."

"Will you tell me your name?" not heeding her speech.

"Mary Allison."

"Thank you." He turned and took a few steps away. "Excuse me," diffidently, forgetting his abandoned character. He was at her side again.

"Have you—have you—desperately—any money?"

"Very little"—quietly. "Take this, then," dropping a purse into his hand. "And I wish you'd tell me," with a sudden impulse, "did you take the horse?"

"Upon my word, no."

She bent towards him.

"Good-by," putting out a bare white hand.

He took it with frank earnestness, held it a brief minute, and then the darkness swallowed him up.

Miss Allison sat and waited. The low rumble grew more and more distinct—the red light came sliding towards her out of the gloom with an awful unswerving certainty in its advance.

She saw the pause—the signaling swing of the conductor's lantern as the scarce checked motion began again, and turned her horse's head towards home.

If Miss Allison lives a hundred years, she will never forget that drive. Now that she was free from the companionship of a desperate character, and behind a pair of thoroughly broken, swift-paced horses, with Tom's revolver really loaded beside her, and not one chance in ten thousand of wanting it, she was frightened. The air was full of starshine; in the east a faint white glow just indicated the coming dawn. The awfulness of the night oppressed her beyond endurance.

She cried all the way home, sobbing convulsively while she unharnessed her ponies and restored everything to order; after which, with her cold little feet in the stove-oven, she drank a cup of still hot coffee, and then went to bed and to sleep, where Tom found her at nine o'clock the next morning.

A month later Tom wanted that coat and hat, and failing to find them, raised the usual masculine whirlwind about their disappearance.

"Molly Allison, you're responsible! If the country produced image-venders, I should say you had been making a trade!"

She shook her head, but with the color mounting in her face.

"Tramps!" he said, accusingly; and poor Molly shuddered to think how much, much worse it really was. "You wouldn't like it, I dare say, if I should go encouraging pauperism with your frocks and things," he grumbled, trying to reconcile himself to another garment.

He came back from the station that night with news.

"Visitors coming, Molly."

"Who and when?"

"Rob McKenzie. You don't know Rob. He was a classmate of mine. He's coming next week to spy out the land. I haven't heard of him since I came out here."

Rob McKenzie alighting at the small sunny signal station one day in the next week, found a stylish apparition in white dress and pretty garden hat waiting on the platform.

"You are Mr. McKenzie?" a pleasant voice said.

"I am Mary Allison. Tom sprained his ankle last night and couldn't come."

Mr. McKenzie seemed rather a quiet young man. Miss Allison drove her ponies and chattered away in the unrestrained delight of having a stranger to talk with—or rather to—and some one fresh from the good times that seemed doubly good in recollection.

"I suppose everybody here shoots more or less. Are you an expert with firearms, Miss Allison?"

They were sitting within-doors in the slight chill of the October evening. Tom answered for her.

"Molly says she can, but I don't believe it. An awful little coward is Molly."

"Is she?" quietly. "I shouldn't think it."

Somebody opened a door incautiously, and in the strong draft the light went out. It was McKenzie who relighted it, and in the faint glow as he bent over the rekindled lamp his face came out with an odd effect against the dark background.

"Oh, my!" in a gasp from Molly's corner.

McKenzie turned towards her as the lamp flamed up. She was staring at him with wide eyes full of perplexity.

"Are you civilized beyond lynch law yet?" he asked, irrelevantly.

"Why? A private grudge against any one?"

"One likes to see all the peculiar institutions of the country. Do you ever hang horse-thieves, for instance?"

"We don't always catch them," drily.

"Did you ever miss a coat and hat, Tom?"

"Molly gave them to a tramp," in slow wonder at his companion's drift. And then, catching his sister's blank face, "What have you been telling, Mary Allison?"

"Oh, Tom, I—I gave them to a horse-thief, and I believe it was Mr. McKenzie."

Tom sat staring.

"Truth, Allison." And then came the story.

"There were two of us taken together. I don't know who they mistook us for. I dodged the mob and took to the timber. I never knew what became of the other man."

"I suspect he is the one I helped out of the State the night I left you alone, Molly."

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"I suspect he is the one I helped out of the State the night I left you alone, Molly."

Some weeks later Rob McKenzie was going through the ceremony of fitting a diamond solitaire on Miss Allison's left-hand index finger.

"Oh, the beauty! Where did you get it?"

"I brought it with me," coolly.

"Upon my word, Rob McKenzie! And you took this for granted?"

"I made up my mind, one night in September, between here and the Mississippi River, that I would marry Molly Allison if I could get her; and I did my best."

THE YACHT "ATLANTIC."

WE give on page 149 an illustration of the new yacht *Atlantic*, as she appears on the stocks at Mumm's shipyard in South Brooklyn. The *Atlantic* is one of the two vessels designed to defend the America cup in future races, and great interest is, therefore, manifested by yachtsmen in her model and peculiarities. The dimensions of the *Atlantic* are as follows: Length on deck, 95 feet; length on water line, 83 feet; beam extreme, 23 feet 2 inches; draft, 8 feet 10 inches. In length and breadth the new boat does not differ materially from the proportions of the *Montauk* and *Grayling*, or from the dimensions of the *Priscilla* and the *Puritan*, but the contrast between the depth under water is a marked one, the draft of the *Montauk* being only 29 of her beam, and the *Grayling* 25, while the new boat runs to 35. This of itself is a marked departure; but it is emphasized by the fact that this depth is made up by a lead keel of 33 tons, 80 per cent. outside of the hull, as in all the modern cutters of English and American build. The style of the *Atlantic* differs from all the old models, the most noticeable feature being the manner in which it is cut away at all points, every line being fined out to the extreme limit. Many of the differences from the established methods of construction are pure experiments, and much curiosity is felt as to the probable result of their adoption. The specifications look to insuring both strength and lightness. It is expected that the *Atlantic* will be launched by the 30th of May.

ARMORY OF THE LIGHT HORSE SQUADRON OF MILWAUKEE.

AMONG martial organizations in the Western States, the Milwaukee Light Horse Squadron has a high reputation for military efficiency and personal character not excelled by any corps of citizen soldiery in the country. The troop was organized in April, 1880, and mustered into the Wisconsin National Guard immediately thereafter. Its muster-roll bears the names of nearly one hundred of the most active and influential young business men of the Cream City. Their horses are all owned by the individual members, and are thoroughly trained in the evolutions of the cavalry service. Many of them are blooded animals of great value. The uniforms of the corps are of the richest description, and the equipments complete in every particular. Correct moral character and good social standing, as well as physical competency, are pre-requisites for membership. As the five-years enlistments expire, the troopers have the option of entering a Veteran Corps and remaining members of the civil organization, thus making vacancies for new enlistments within the statutory quota. The most rigid discipline is enforced. Drills of the troop are weekly, and squad drills more frequent. The services of Colonel Charles King, a well-known retired cavalry officer of the United States Army, and at one time an instructor at West Point, have been of great value in promoting and perfecting the discipline of the troop.

Since the first year of its organization, the Light Horse Squadron has been maturing a project for the erection, in the City of Milwaukee, of an armory building of sufficient capacity for the accommodation not only of the troop, but also the other branches of the service. The military laws of Wisconsin do not make provision for the erection of armories, the statutes allowing simply a small annual allowance for rental of premises for the purpose. The squadron was therefore compelled to depend upon its own resources for the creation

of a fund. The cost of the land and building was \$70,000, all of which sum was subscribed by members of the troop, or obtained through their individual efforts.

The location is on Broadway, an avenue one hundred feet in width, and is near the business centre of the city. The dimensions of the building are 120 feet square, and four stories in height. A space of 80 feet by 120 feet in the rear is occupied by a substantial brick hall 40 feet high, with truss roof and sand floor, which is used for a riding-school by the members. The basement of the main building is occupied for stables, finished in the most improved manner, storage rooms for quartermaster's stores and equipments, and ammunition vaults. On the first floor the squadron has its quarters, comprising three spacious apartments. Many of the articles of furniture were presented by individual members of the troop. Among them a large mantle and fireplace of carved stone valued at \$500. This floor also contains offices for the surgeon, veterinary surgeon, and the quarters of the officers of the local infantry regiment. The second floor contains five spacious company rooms, two of which, *en suite*, are leased to the E. B. Wolcott Post, Grand Army of the Republic, and the military Order of the Loyal Legion. The third floor is a vast hall for a general drill-room and for social purposes, with necessary ante-room. The fourth story is occupied by a dining-room, kitchen, janitor's quarters and storage-loft for tents and camp equipment. The woodwork of the interior of the building is polished red oak, except the floors, which are maple. It is heated by steam, and furnished with complete electric apparatus. The street elevation is of solid gray stone, rock face, and is in the Norman style, castellated, with battlemented cornice and spire, and deep recesses. The edifice is one of the finest and most substantial in the city, and is defensible in its construction. The present officers of the Light Horse Squadron are: Captain George J. Schoeffel, Lieutenants Louis Auer and Edward Shea, Surgeon H. M. Brown, M. D., and Chaplain, Rev. G. E. Gordon.

CYCLONES IN MINNESOTA.

ONE the most destructive cyclones which has ever visited the northwest swept over and almost entirely obliterated the towns of St. Cloud, Sauk Rapids and Rice's Station, on the afternoon of the 14th instant. The storm was a local one, and seems to have both gathered and spent its violence within a tract thirty miles long and less than a quarter of a mile wide. It struck St. Cloud, a little town seventy-five miles north of St. Paul, a little after half-past three o'clock, leveling half a hundred buildings, and killing and maiming a number of people. The next town in its track was Sauk Rapids, a village of about 800 inhabitants, two or three miles above St. Cloud, and on the opposite side of the Mississippi River. Here the cyclone did its deadliest work. The entire business portion of the place was laid in ruins; in fact scarcely anything was left of the village save a fringe of houses around its outer limits. Twenty-two of the inhabitants were either instantly killed or have since died from their injuries. From Sauk Rapids the whirlwind passed to Rice's Station, Benton County, demolishing the settlement, and killing or injuring nearly the entire population. The complete death-list here will probably reach the number of forty. Thus far, the casualties reported in the three towns are seventy-four killed, and nearly 200 wounded, of whom probably twenty-five will die.

The tornado came from the southeast, and moved with terrific velocity, accompanied by a peculiar roaring and crackling sound, something like that of a conflagration in a high wind. The cyclone-cloud was black and funnel-shaped, the tail touching the ground and lashing to fragments everything in its path. Its victims had barely time to observe it before it was upon them; and in another moment it had passed over, leaving death and devastation behind. The air was darkened with dust, and an avalanche of boards, timbers and bricks. Small wooden houses were lifted bodily from the ground, carried hundreds of feet through the air, then scattered in pieces over the fields. Freight-cars were blown off the railroad-tracks and dashed to pieces. The earth itself was furrowed and torn up. The scenes after the tornado had passed beggar description. In St. Cloud, the track of ruin, 600 feet wide, extended straight through the town, and was paved with debris to a depth of six or seven feet. The remains of the dead, scattered here and there, were crushed, blackened and almost unrecognizable. In Sauk Rapids, not a single business house remained standing on the main street. The Court House, where a number of the county officers were killed, was a heap of ruins. About twenty square acres were covered with wreckage.

The work of rescue and relief began as soon as the first stunning shock had passed, and continued until the wounded were cared for and the dead bodies removed from the ruins. All the citizens who had escaped volunteered for the work; and twenty-three physicians and surgeons came from St. Paul and Minneapolis on a special car, arriving at St. Cloud at half-past eight in the evening. A terrific thunder-storm had followed the cyclone, and the rain was falling in torrents. Hundreds of men were searching with lanterns in the streets, and panic-stricken women and children ran aimlessly about in the rain. The engine-house had been converted into a morgue, where the mangled bodies were laid out in ghastly rows. These scenes were typical of the desolation prevailing in the three villages visited by the awful storm. In comparison with the great fatality and the extent of the devastation, the damage, as financially estimated, is not great, as most of the buildings were cheap wooden structures.

On the same day (the 14th inst.), tornadoes of more or less destructive force were reported in several towns of Western Iowa, Dakota, Missouri, Kansas and Texas.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

The distress which has prevailed during the past winter in Western Ireland, on the coasts and islands of Mayo, Galway, Kerry and Donegal, is of almost yearly recurrence. In those wild tracts of barren country, bog, rock and mountain, a bleak and rainy climate, with sweeping storms from the Atlantic, makes agriculture almost impossible. The poor, forlorn peasantry depend for subsistence chiefly upon the fisheries; and in the winter these are difficult and perilous in the tempestuous bays and inlets, from the want of proper boats and of artificial harbors and piers. Lonely sufferers in remote corners of the coast, cut off from the general traffic and intercourse, barely keep

alive, and in winters like that just passed are in danger of dying from cold and starvation. In Achill, the largest of the islands, nearly six-sevenths of the population of 7,000 has been for some weeks past dependent on relief grants and charity. Three British gunboats, laden with supplies of meal and potatoes, last month dispensed welcome and sadly needed relief amongst the islands off Mayo and Galway. Our picture shows one of these vessels at Inishboffin.

DR. KOPP, THE BISHOP OF FULDA.

The appointment of Dr. Kopp, the Vicar-general of Hildesheim, to the Bishopric of Fulda, was made by Pope Leo XIII. in December, 1881, and was the second appointment to a German bishopric under the understanding between the Vatican and the Prussian Government. Dr. Kopp, Bishop of Trier, being the first. Dr. Kopp was consecrated a day or two after his appointment, and issued his first pastoral address to his diocese. But Dr. Kopp and Herr Windthorst have been the leaders of the Vatican party in the Prussian Parliament, and until lately there has been much antagonism between them and Prince Bismarck. Consequently there has been but a shadow of a peace between the Vatican and Prussia. Recently, however, this peace has become more substantial, and Bishop Kopp has assumed the duties and privileges of his bishopric, with the acquiescence of the Government. This result has been brought about mainly through the diplomatic ability and wise statesmanship of the Pope, and the reluctant concessions of Bismarck.

LISZT IN PARIS.

Franz Liszt, the eminent pianist-composer, visited Paris towards the end of last month, after an absence of many years. During his fortnight's stay he was enthusiastically lionized by the Hungarian colony, and by the entire artistic world, French and foreign. His "Messe de Grand" was performed at the Church of St. Eustache. Munkacz painted his portrait, and Godebski, the sculptor—another distinguished compatriot—modeled his bust. At Godebski's atelier, on the 26th ult., a reception was given in honor of the white-haired *maître*, which brought together a crowd of Parisian celebrities, including Lecomte de Lisle, Munkacz, Carolus Duran, Benjamin Constant and Judith Gautier. Our picture represents this reception. Liszt is now seventy-five years old, and an *abbé*; but he is an *abbé galant*, and is said to exercise much of the old magic over the keys, on the rare occasions when he can be persuaded to open the piano in the presence of favored friends. Nothing can induce him to touch the instrument in public.

VICE-REGAL DURBAR AT MANDALAY.

Lord Dufferin has been making himself thoroughly at home in ex-King Thebaw's palace, during his visit to Mandalay. On February 16th he held a grand *darbar*, or reception of native dignitaries, in the Throne Room. The Viceroy, wearing the full uniform of the Governor of India, stood, with his staff and a stalwart Indian bodyguard about him, at the foot of Thebaw's throne, while the late subjects of that potentate filed past with a simple bow. On the following day, Lady Dufferin received the principal ladies of the *haut ton* of Mandalay in the same apartment.

DON EMILIO CALLEJA, CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

The Ministry of the Queen Regent of Spain has just appointed as Captain-general of the Island of Cuba, to succeed Señor Fajardo, Don Emilio Calleja, a lieutenant-general in the Spanish Army. He was originally in the infantry, became lieutenant with the rank of captain in the marine infantry in 1857; when Santo Domingo was annexed, served there as lieutenant-commander of a battalion. There he showed talent, activity and courage; and after operating with his command in Porto Rico and Havana, he returned to Spain. Becoming a colonel in 1869, he was sent again to Cuba, where he distinguished himself greatly, winning several distinctions for important and brilliant services, and on his return to Spain, in 1873, was promoted to the rank of brigadier. He participated in the siege of Carthage, and at the head of his brigade took an important part in the battle of Minglanilla, where he won the great cross of Military Merit. As field-marshal he commanded a division of the northern army in the close of the war against the Carlists. He was subsequently second in command in Cuba, and for a time supreme. Promoted to be lieutenant-general, he became Captain-general of Seville, next of Old Castile, and is now Captain-general of Cuba.

KING MILAN SIGNING THE PEACE TREATY.

The formal treaty of peace between Bulgaria and Serbia was signed on March 3d. Our illustration represents King Milan affixing his signature to the document, at the Serbian headquarters at Nisch, on the frontier. He is accompanied by several high officials, including his Prime Ministers, and General Horvathovich, Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian Army.

THE SHAH'S HAREM.

A TEHRAN correspondent of the London *Globe* writes: "Most of the ladies of the Shah's harem have small separate establishments, but all live in the palace, the doors and windows of their rooms looking out into a large quadrangular court. Some wives occupy suites of apartments, others have only one or two rooms. The Shah's harem, like other well-conducted establishments of the kind, is shrouded in mystery, and the European ladies who have occasionally visited it cannot tell us much. These ladies visit the harem on certain holidays, when every inmate is gay and happy, and they, therefore, see only the bright side of harem life. There is, of course, a dark side; but of this nothing certain is known to the outer world, and the members of the harem are discreet, and do not blab. The Shah is said to be a kind master, and his wives always speak of him with affection and respect. Extraordinary precautions are always taken to prevent males from getting inside, and the European ladies who visit the harem are, on entering, examined by eunuchs, who also inscribe the names of the visitors and those of their attendants. In spite of the great precautions taken, it has once or twice happened that a man has been smuggled into the harem, and I lately heard the story of a laborer having been found on the roof of the women's apartment. He was advised to affect madness—which was scarcely necessary, as fear had already made him idiotic—and it was explained that he had got into the harem through an underground water canal, in which he had been working. It speaks well for the Shah that the man was let off scot-free; formerly he and several women would have been executed there and then. It occasionally hap-

pens that the Shah comes into the women's apartments when European ladies are there on a visit. He then asks who the visitors are, what their age is, and makes some observations on their looks. He is not very complimentary; and some time ago a lady was horrified at being told by His Majesty that she was old, ugly and lean. The Shah also occasionally asks other indiscreet questions, and makes some cynical remarks. Every wife has a separate yearly allowance varying from \$200 to \$2,000, and often receives presents exceeding her allowance in value.

THE HOME RULE BILL.

THE House of Commons having voted permission to Mr. Gladstone to introduce his Bill for the better government of Ireland, the official text of the measure was last week made public. It debars the proposed Irish Parliament from legislating concerning the status, dignity or succession of the Crown; from passing laws affecting peace or war, the army or navy, the militia or volunteers, or the defense of the realm; and from taking any action concerning the foreign or colonial relations of the empire. Among the other subjects placed beyond the power of the Irish Government to deal with are dignities, titles and honors, prizes and booties of war, offenses against the law of nations, treason and alienage, naturalization, copyright, patents, mails, telegraphs, coinage, weights and measures.

The Bill further prohibits Ireland from doing anything to establish or endow any religion, or to disturb or confer any privileges on account of religious belief; and also forbids it to impose customs or excise duties. The Queen is to have the same prerogative to summon, prorogue and dissolve the Irish Legislature as she has with respect to the Imperial Parliament. To Her Majesty also is reserved the power to erect forts, arsenals, magazines, and dockyards.

The Irish Legislature is permitted to impose taxes to be paid into the consolidated fund to defray the expenses of the public service in Ireland, subject to the provisions of the Irish Land Purchase Bill; but is not either to raise or appropriate revenues without the Queen's recommendation, made through the Lord-lieutenant. The church property in Ireland is to belong to the Irish people, subject to existing charges.

The executive government of Ireland is vested by the Queen in a Lord-lieutenant, who will govern with the aid of such officers and councils as the Queen may appoint, and will give or withhold the Queen's assent to such Bills as the Irish Legislature may pass.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE number of pictures sent in to this year's Paris Salon scarcely passes 5,000. This is 4,000 less than two years ago.

In honor of its one hundredth birthday the Academy of Arts of Berlin will open next month a jubilee exhibition of the fine arts in a new building near one of the railway stations. A chronological series of German work from the time of Frederick the Great will be shown.

THE discovery of a hitherto unknown lake in the Persian Desert was announced at a late meeting of the Vienna Geographical Society. It is at least twenty-five miles long, and from Mohammedan evidence appears to have dried up after a previous existence and to have again filled up at a quite recent date.

LAYERS of stone containing some of the supposed human footprints lately found near Lake Managua, in Nicaragua, have been sent to the Vienna Natural History Museum. The stone is a volcanic tuff, and the impressions are extremely sharp and distinct, and, if genuine footprints, prove the existence of men in Central America at a very remote period.

PROFESSOR WM. PATTERSON, a San Francisco inventor, claims to have constructed a flying machine, which is an ingenious combination of the balloon, the engine and the bird's wing. So strong is his hope in his ultimate success, that there is no doubt in his mind that he will be able in his machine to make the trial voyage from San Francisco before the expiration of a year.

AN extraordinary feat in telephoning was recently accomplished between St. Petersburg and Boulogne, a distance of 2,165 miles. Conversation was kept up, notwithstanding a rather high induction. The experiments were made during the night, when the telegraph wires were not at work. The Russian engineers hope to succeed in conversing by telephone over a distance of 4,665 miles.

AN improved railroad tie, just invented, is formed of two inverted bowls having plain upper surfaces, two fastening clips secured to the plain surface of each bowl by bolts, with a bar connecting the two bowls, and secured by the fastening bolts of the inner clips; the concave side of the bowl is filled with earth well tamped, or with concrete, the object being to furnish a tie which shall be practically indestructible.

AFTER a study of nearly 12,000 cases, Dr. Hermann Brehmer, an able German physician, rejects the theory of the contagiousness of pulmonary consumption. He finds the disease to be due to deficient nutrition of the lungs, which may result from various causes. He believes that the operation of all the causes may produce such changes that it may be possible years, even decades, in advance to predict with great probability which members of a given family will be afflicted with pulmonary consumption, and which will remain healthy.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

APRIL 12TH.—In Orlando, Fla., the Rev. Andrew Hopper, a prominent Baptist minister; in St. Johnsbury, Vt., Thaddeus Fairbanks, of the original firm of Fairbanks scale manufacturers, aged 90 years. APRIL 13TH.—At Niagara Falls, Charles Humphrey Noyes, founder of the Oneida Community, aged 75 years; in New York, George B. Butler, a well-known lawyer, aged 77 years; in Aiken, S. C., Leopold Schenck, editor of the German *Puck*, aged 43 years. APRIL 14TH.—In New York, James S. Libby, formerly a prominent business man of this city, aged 81 years; in New York, Henry Tinsington, for fifteen years leader of the orchestra of the Union Square Theatre, aged 60 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Henry Green, a well-known shipping merchant, aged 81 years; in Quinebaug, Conn., Squire White, a leader of the "Dorr Rebellion" in 1840, aged 81 years. APRIL 15TH.—In Worcester, Mass., M. Ferdinand Gagnod, a prominent French-Canadian journalist, aged 37 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PRESIDENT McCOSH has prepared a plan for raising Princeton College to the grade of a University.

THE New York Senate has passed the Bill providing for boards of arbitration for the adjustment of disputes between employers and employees.

A PHILADELPHIA paper says: "They count that day lost in Western Pennsylvania which does not witness the organization of two or three natural-gas companies."

THE London Socialists, Burns, Hyndman, Champion and Williams, who were charged with having incited the recent riots in London, have been acquitted by a jury.

THERE has been a reduction of 267 in the clerical force of the Treasury Department under the present Administration, resulting in an annual saving of \$232,600.

SEVENTY-SIX Apache Indians, a part of Geronimo's band captured in the Sierra Madra, have reached St. Augustine, Fla., where they will be held in confinement.

THE House Committee on Ways and Means has decided by a vote of nine to one to report favorably the resolution recommending the abrogation of the Hawaiian treaty.

THE French Government proposes to contribute 200,000 francs to the fund to Professor Pasteur for the establishment of a hospital for the treatment of persons who have been bitten by rabid animals.

ADVISES from Zanzibar state that the Sultan has refused to cede to Portugal the territory claimed by her, and that the Portuguese Consul has on this account lowered his flag and placed the Portuguese residents of the Sultan's dominions under the protection of the German Consul.

MARTIN IRONS and several other members of the Executive Boards of the Knights of Labor in St. Louis were last week indicted by the Grand Jury on the charge of tampering with telegraph wires for the purpose of stealing Mr. Gould's private dispatches. The accused positively deny their guilt.

THE four sons of the late William H. Vanderbilt, who gave \$500,000 to the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, have presented to the trustees the sum of \$250,000 for a building in memory of their father. The building will be especially designed for the purpose of clinical instruction, and a part of the sum will be invested as an endowment fund.

LAST Thursday was observed as Arbor Day in Pennsylvania. Among the trees planted at the Soldiers' Home at Erie was a cartload of young oaks from Culp's Hill, on the battlefield of Gettysburg, where all the inmates of the Home fought. At Lancaster, the day was marked by the planting of hundreds and perhaps thousands of trees, vines and shrubs. The schoolchildren alone planted several hundred fruit-trees.

THE Bill for the admission of Washington Territory into the Union as a State has passed the United States Senate. If the Bill passes the House of Representatives, the Territory will then frame a Constitution, which must be submitted to the people; if this is approved, a Legislature and Congressmen will be chosen, and the work will be complete. Two years will in any event be required for these preliminary processes.

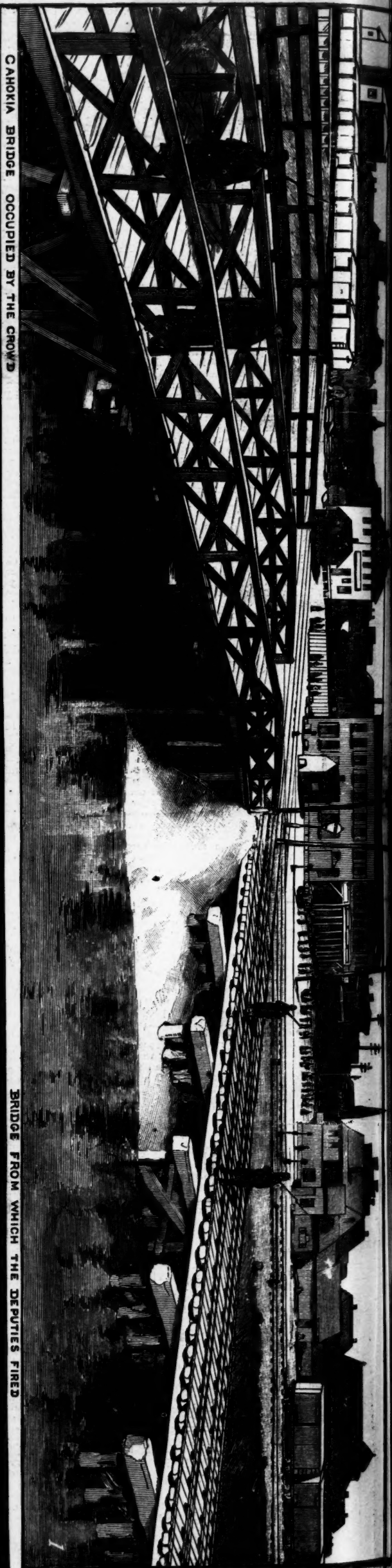
SIR CHARLES DILKE has sent to the Queen's Proctor a full and formal denial of all the statements incriminating him in the confession made by Mrs. Crawford to her husband, and on which the latter obtained a decree of divorce from her. He is also preparing to make public a statement of the case in his own defense. He will take occasion to do this in an address to the Liberals of Chelsea, his constituency, which he is arranging to deliver on May 3d.

A BILL to provide for the organization of the Indian Territory and the public land strip into the Territory of Oklahoma has been reported to the House of Representatives. The Bill provides that the public land strip shall be opened to settlement under the provisions of the homestead law only, and that as soon as the Creek and Seminole tribes and the Cherokee tribe shall give their assent the unoccupied lands ceded by these Indians to the United States shall be open to settlement under the land laws.

AS a result of a personal inspection relative to the recent charges of gross mismanagement in the Soldiers' Orphans' Schools in Pennsylvania, and the abuse and neglect of the scholars, Governor Pattison has demanded the resignation of the Rev. R. E. Higbee as State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and summarily removed the Rev. J. W. Sayres, male Inspector of Soldiers' Orphans' Schools, and Mrs. E. E. Hutter, female Assistant Inspector. The Governor also sends to Attorney-general Cassidy a detailed statement regarding the inspection of the schools and the examination of witnesses, and suggests that proceedings should at once be instituted to punish those who have made themselves amenable to the criminal law.

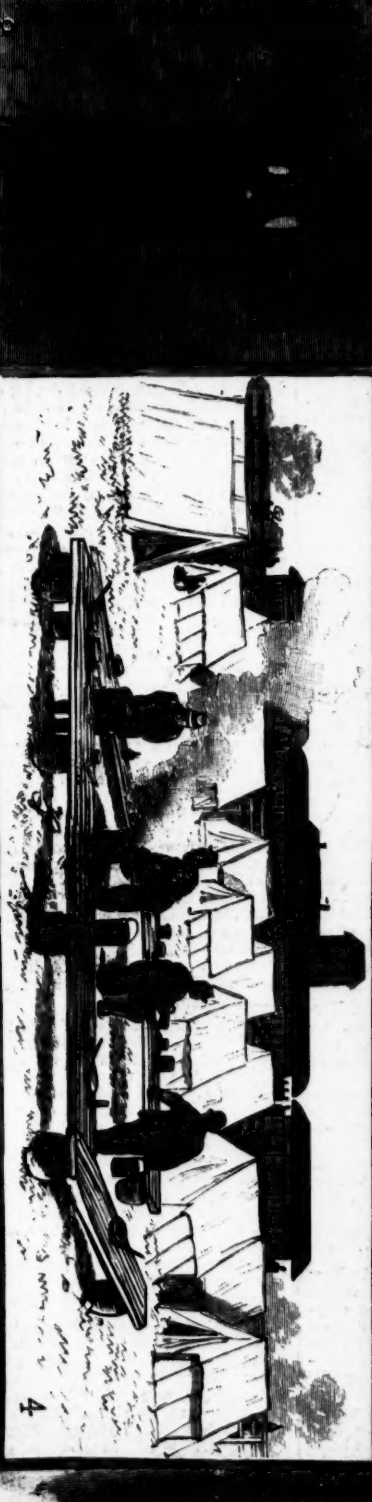
THE New York Board of Aldermen of 1884 consisted of twenty-four members. Two of them are dead. Of the remaining twenty-two, three are fugitives. There were two members of the Board—Hugh J. Grant and J. C. O'Connor, Jr.—who have never been accused or even suspected of bribery. They alone voted against the Broadway Railway franchise. All the members who voted for the franchise and who are living and within reach have been arrested—namely, Kirk, Jaehne, Pearson, Miller, Cleary, McQuade, Duffy, Shields, Fulgraff, Sayles, Wendell, Farley, McCabe, O'Neill, Reilly and Fink. The last-named dozen were all arrested in one day last week. The only member not named above is Charles B. Waite, who has turned State's evidence and will probably get off easy, though he is under police surveillance.

THE Ohio Legislative Committee appointed to investigate charges of bribery in the election of H. B. Payne, Senator, January, 1884, reported last week. The majority report, signed by three Republicans, is accompanied by 800 pages of evidence, the important points of which are cited to show that while none of the members of the present General Assembly have been conclusively impeached, a case has been made as to the corrupt methods, and the testimony fully justifies that it be certified at once to the United States Senate for action by that body in considering Payne's right to his seat. Most of the witnesses testifying as to the use of money were Democrats, some being ex-members of the Legislature, who were at the time offered various sums. The minority report denies that there is any direct evidence of corruption.



CAHOKIA BRIDGE OCCUPIED BY THE CROWD

BRIDGE FROM WHICH THE DEPUTIES FIRED



1. SCENE OF THE FATAL SHOOTING OF APRIL 9TH.

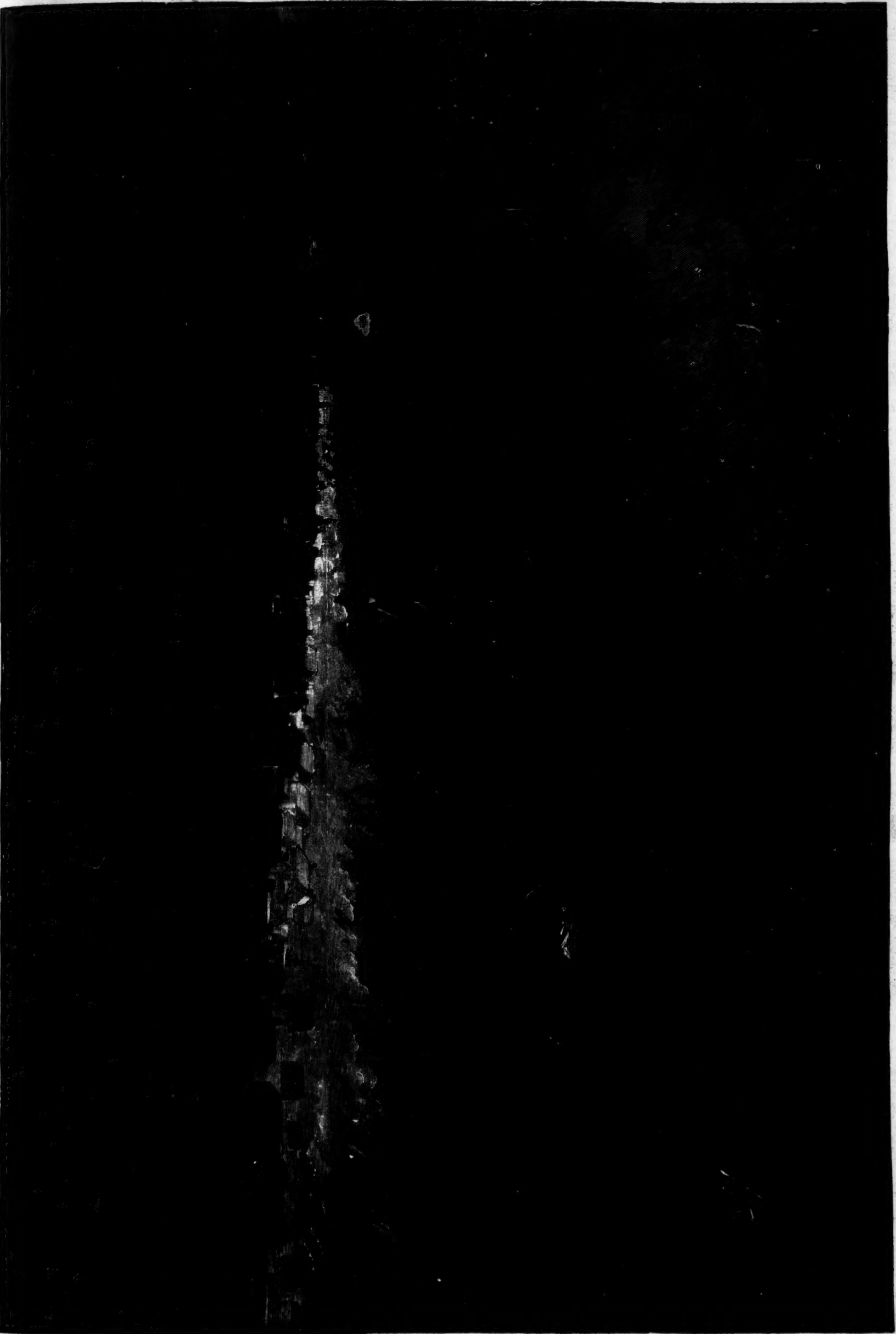
2. THE MOB BURNING FREIGHT AND OIL CARS ON THE TRACKS OF THE CAIRO SHORT LINE.

3. FORT BUILT BY DEPUTY SHERIFFS IN THE CHICAGO AND ALTON FREIGHT YARD.

4. SCENE IN CAMP: COOKING BREAKFAST

ILLINOIS.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKE AT EAST ST. LOUIS.

FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPRAN—SEE PAGE 104.



MINNESOTA.—THE CYCLONE OF APRIL 14TH, AND ITS FRIGHTFUL DESTRUCTION OF LIFE AND PROPERTY.—THE STORM SWEEPING OVER THE DOOMED TOWN OF SAUK RAPIDS.
SEE PAGE 151.

The Shadow from Varraz.

By PROF. CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and Loves that Jack Had," "Of Two Evils," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XII.—JUSTICE TAKES A STRANGE TURN.

I REGAINED my room unseen, as I presume the Lady Ilga did hers. I threw myself on my bed, for a little of the rest I so much needed. Of course I found the excitement under which I labored far too great to make it possible for me to sleep. But, though my brain remained active, I really found some repose for my weary body.

A servant came to announce breakfast. I sent my excuses. I could not face the count in silence after what I had so recently seen.

About the middle of the forenoon I saw the count ride away from the castle on a powerful white horse. He parted from the Lady Ilga in full view from one of my windows. Standing close to the horse, she reached up her sweet face, and he stooped over and kissed her on her lips. They said a few words together, smiles on each face, and apparently the utmost confidence and most tender regard between them. At the end, just before he started, after he had said his parting words to her, after his head was turned away, she leaned over and kissed his ankle, just above the stirrup. I saw her face as she did it, though neither he nor any other than myself did, and the idolatrous love and tenderness which shone in her eyes contrasted strangely with the words she had said regarding the "great and noble" Count Varraz.

She turned from him, and ran back towards the castle as he turned his horse's head towards the north and spurred rapidly away. But the look he cast over his shoulder at her haunted me for a long time; it held so much of pity and tenderness that I could but marvel at it.

An hour later, the vague uneasiness which had been growing and strengthening ever since morning regarding the strange absence of Hilda from her accustomed place among the old servants of the castle broke forth in an overwhelming torrent of fear and despair. Man after man took such mechanical aid, in the way of poles and ropes and hooks, as he could find, and hurried down to the river to search in its waters for what they so feared to find.

Others went swiftly into the woods about the castle, calling and shouting as they went. The women servants did little but weep and wring their hands.

I mingled with the excited and frightened people, saying hopeful things to them, though I felt strangely wicked as I did it, my knowledge of Hilda's absence being what it was.

Time wore on. Of course the searchers found no trace. Of course they grew weary and dispirited. Of course some of them, tired as they were, never spared themselves and never relaxed their arduous search for a moment.

It speaks volumes for the credit of average humanity that the hurt or missing, no matter how lowly or humble, rise to a mighty importance when their misfortune falls upon them; the universal human heart is full of sympathy—sympathy which needs but a sudden stimulus to flow lavishly in the direction of death or disaster.

I ate a hurried and scanty dinner, just after noon. Having had no breakfast, I needed it sorely. I could not doubt that Lady Ilga's need was equal to my own, but she did not appear. She kept her room through all the exciting scenes of the morning. Possibly she was sleeping. More likely she was otherwise "busied." Perhaps she dared not trust herself, the unreliable condition of her mind being considered, among those who were so eagerly and honestly searching for one she could so easily point out to them.

I heard one or two things, and saw one or two others, during that morning, which seemed to me worth recording, and considering further. I accordingly made a record of them in the book which I have already mentioned. As future events showed that these notes had no value, I need not say here what they were.

It was nearly two o'clock when the count came dashing up to the castle from the south. He was evidently in an exceedingly bad temper, and was undoubtedly in a great hurry.

"One of the men, out in the woods a couple of miles south of here, said Hilda is missing. I have hurried fast since I saw him. Was his report true?"

Speaking thus, the count sprang from the saddle and strode rapidly towards the castle.

But as one of the servants led his horse away I could not help feeling sure that the count had ridden hard for more than two miles, ay, for more than ten times two; for the glossy black hair of the horse was flecked with white foam, and the dust and dirt showed plainly upon him.

The servants crowded around the count. I was convinced in a few minutes that their words and actions meant two things; they feared the count; they had confidence in his power and in his judgment.

He questioned one after another of the men and women belonging to the castle, gruffly, sharply, abruptly. "Where had the woman been seen last? When? By whom? Where had they searched? How thoroughly?"

The answers were undecided, indefinite, contradictory. And all this because not one among all those he questioned had a truly judicial mind; they mixed opinions—their own or those of others—fear, guesses, faint hopes. These, plus a very small amount of fact, made up the average story which the average servant had to tell. The most rigid test of the highest civilization is requiring one to tell—uncolored by what he thinks he may hope or believe he should fear—just what he

knows—with the ways in which he gained his knowledge, and the reasons which attest its truth. The count was harsh, impatient, sarcastic. He was in a most execrable temper. There was no doubt of that.

He summed up, after a little, the evidence he had heard, and he gave the conclusion he had reached. You may have observed that when one who has power, one to whom those about him are wont to look for opinions or for commands, opens his mouth and says what he has to say, his decision is straightway adopted. If there be little evidence in favor of his decision, the acquiescence is likely to be more general and thorough than would otherwise be true. The way in which the great man reached his conclusion may be past finding out; no matter; it only shows that the mind which was able to reach the conclusion stands above and apart from the minds of common and everyday men. Humanity likes its thinking done by proxy; it delights in ready-made opinions and judgments; to it there is nothing more charming than the reason of unreason.

Hilda had not been seen near the river. There was no fact in her whole lifetime which left a theory of suicide tenable. No one had advanced a fact that pointed to enmity towards her on the part of any one. She was quiet, good, simple-hearted, and beloved by all.

But the count pointed down towards the swiftly flowing Rhine.

"Call every one in from the fields and woods," he said, "and let them look in the river—in the river only."

Then all nodded their heads wisely, sure that the river held the secret of Hilda's disappearance, and a few who were so fortunate as to have held unwaveringly to that opinion from the first moved with important bearing among their fellows, saying what all mankind has loved to say since time began: "I told you so."

A half-dozen men rode quietly up to the door of the castle. As soon as I recognized their character I looked to see how the count regarded their presence.

The men were officers of the Government.

The face of the count was fairly livid. He seemed to be in mortal fear, while at the same time he was so horribly enraged that he could not trust himself to speak.

The officer who seemed to be highest in authority bowed respectfully to the count.

"I am informed that one of the servants of the castle has disappeared," he said, "and that it is believed she was murdered."

"One of the female servants of the castle is missing," responded the count; "but I am not aware that any one thinks there has been murder done. I certainly do not think so. The forests near by have been very thoroughly searched; some attention had been given to the river before my return. I have called in all who were looking elsewhere, and shall myself superintend the dragging of the river. You may rest assured that the work will be thoroughly and faithfully done. We shall not require your presence here. If you are needed you will be sent for."

"Pardon me, Count Varraz," said the young gentleman who was first in authority, "we have been sent for."

The count flashed upon me one glance of such hatred and malignity, that if looks ever killed, I should have been dead then and there. But he turned his false and cruel face towards the officer, a forced smile upon it, a single second later.

"I have always supposed myself capable of managing affairs on my own estate," said the count with fine sarcasm, "and have believed that my reputation for acuteness was such that the officers of the law would not think it necessary to come here uninvited. My honor is dear to me; the honor of every servant I have is my trust and care; I suspect no one; I believe in no theory of crime in this case. May I be allowed to ask the name of the one on whom your suspicions rest?"

"I beg you will not be angry, Count Varraz, nor unjust," said the young officer, gravely and courteously; "we suspect no one as yet. We trust there is no call to suspect any one. But in this land no one, no matter how low or how humble, must suffer wrong and the law leave the wrong unrighted or unpunished."

"I agree with you. Therefore, when events prove that your action is unjust and unjustifiable, I shall expect to have you make amends for coming here and exposing my tried and faithful servants to the suspicion of having slain one of their own number."

"As to amends for my conduct, Count Varraz, I am fully at your service at any time. You may have recourse to the laws of your country; or, if you are likely to find satisfaction of that kind slow and uncertain, I am ready to accord you the satisfaction which one gentleman may give another, at your own time and convenience."

"I shall not forget this," growled the count. "I trust you will not," said the officer; "but I beg you to remember that I have accused none of your servants. I have accused no one. I have no data, thus far, on which to base an accusation. It is certain, however, that a human being is missing; it is equally certain that the person who sent for me believes this missing woman to have been cruelly murdered; it is most certain of all that I shall thoroughly examine into this matter, let the results be what they will, with your gracious permission, Count Carl Varraz—or without it."

"Possibly you will deign to inform me who sent for you, my important young friend," sneered the enraged count.

"Certainly, Count Varraz," said the calm and self-possessed young officer; "you have a right to know all that I do. My message came from your sister, the Lady Ilga Varraz."

The count bestowed a look of amazed relief in my direction. That he had a woman—that woman

his sister—and that sister mad—to deal with, was an undoubted relief. It would be vastly easier, looking at things as he did, to escape from her than from the meshes of a net I might have spread for his feet.

One sidelong look towards me. Then he turned again to the officer.

"Did I hear aright? Did you speak the name of Lady Ilga?"

"I did." The officer drew a sheet of paper from his pocket. "This is what she says." Then he read: "The old and faithful Hilda; the woman who has been the tireless nurse and the loving friend of every Varraz of this generation; the woman who watched over the infant count in his baby innocence; the woman who taught me to speak—to read—to write; the woman who merits love and gratitude; is dead. She is dead. She has been cruelly murdered. Come at once, and investigate the matter for me. Let justice be done."

The officer handed the note to Count Varraz. "It is genuine, is it not?" he asked.

"The writing is that of my sister, the writing of the Lady Ilga Varraz," replied the count; "the message is as you have said."

"It is a letter which demands attention, is it not?"

The count drew up his shoulders and pursed up his mouth.

"Perhaps so," he responded, with contemptuous indifference.

"Explain your meaning, Count Varraz."

"That is an easy thing to do, and I will do it; remember, though, that I resent your impertinence, and the disclosure of family affairs which it renders necessary. The truth of the matter is—the Lady Ilga is mad!"

"Mad, Count Varraz?"

"Yes, mad!"

"Pardon me, but it is not many days since I saw the Lady Ilga, and she was sane enough then."

"Very true; and the Lady Ilga has not been mad many days."

"You have not notified the authorities of your sister's insanity, Count Varraz?"

"I have not. It does not concern the authorities. I can attend to her at her own home. The authorities have no business with the matter."

"Pardon me again, Count Varraz, but the authorities of this great land will deeply concern themselves with this affair; they will make it their business, if they find that the Lady Ilga is not sane."

"If they find," shouted the count, almost beside himself with rage; "if they find. Do you dare doubt my word, you insolent young upstart?"

"I have expressed no doubt of you, Count Varraz, either as regards your truthfulness or any other of your manifold virtues. My business with you is simply and solely official in its character. As an officer, I trust I know my duty; as an officer I shall straightforwardly and unflinchingly do it."

"If you do doubt my word," thundered the count, "perhaps there are others here whose evidence may satisfy even you." Then he turned and questioned man after man, woman after woman, among the servants, regarding the mental condition of the Lady Ilga. One and all, they confirmed the statement the count had made. The officer bit his lip, and waited in silence; I was uncertain whether he was most amused or impatient.

The count turned to me last of all.

"This gentleman is Mr. John A. Sylvester, of America. He is my guest, and will speak frankly and honestly in this matter. You know my sister, Mr. Sylvester?"

"I do," I replied.

"Is she sane or insane?"

"She is insane; there is no doubt of that; but—"

"Thank you," interrupted the count; "and thank you too for the delicacy of feeling which prompted you to make the addition you had it in mind to speak; the kindness of your intention does you great credit, very great credit. It is true that the Lady Ilga has very rational hours."

That wasn't what I was going to say, and Count Varraz knew it. I think the young officer suspected it, too. But I only smiled and bowed; I only subsided (if the word may be used to express my mental act)—subsided and withdrew into the background. There are times when it is both pleasant and prudent to drift with the current. There are times when one finds it wise to wait until he sees the way towards which the current tends, to the end that he may most successfully make his way against it. I have found that the winners in life's race are those who know how to wait; those who do not write "lost time" over every moment not spent in rushing and fretting. I waited. It was wise to wait. I would have given a good year out of my life for a half-hour's interview with the Lady Ilga; that, of course, was out of the question. So a masterly inactivity seemed my best policy.

Besides that—I had no doubt that the young officer was a full match for the count. And I was very humble just then; I didn't know what to do; so I did nothing.

The count was in a rage that was terrible to see. If there had been fear in it a while ago, he had evidently forgotten all that long since. He was simply angry—thoroughly and sublimely angry.

But the officer had kept his temper all through the stormy interview.

He spoke now, calmly and courteously; but with all the firmness which seemed his most prominent characteristic:

"It did not need your appeal to your servants, Count Varraz, nor the testimony of your guest, to convince me of the truth of your assertion. When you said that your sister is mad, I was sure it was true. But—Hilda is missing. I have this remarkable summons from the Lady Ilga. I shall insist upon an interview with her."

The count hesitated a little before he made his answer. The two men looked each other squarely in the eyes. Each was watching the other; each was resolutely bent on the mastery which the might of will-power gives. I am not certain that the desperate nobleman was not counting up the chances for and against success in a contest of brute force with his adversary. Nor am I certain that the resolute young officer was not looking for just such an encounter, and calculating his chances for success.

Every eye was fixed upon these two men. The servants had gathered close behind the count. Close to the young spokesman of their party were clustered the other officers. I, alone, I, of all those present, stood a little apart from all the rest.

Every ear listened for the count's answer—the officer and his companions strong in their consciousness of right—the servants strong in their adherence to the man whose lightest wish had long been law to them. I, alone, I, of all the waiting and watching throng there gathered, could think of anything else. To my ear alone came a distant sound of horror—a sound which seemed to freeze my very blood! It was the mad cry of the Lady Ilga! It was the yet madder laugh which rippled over her lips.

No one else heard it. No one else guessed that it might be that fate had insured the safety of the Count Varraz. No one else supposed that the young officer might find within the castle only a vacant stare and meaningless words awaiting him. But I heard! And I understood the full horror of the situation. An hour—a half-hour—a minute, even—might give her fullest possible measure of reason back to the unfortunate Lady Ilga. Or days might pass while she was still a raving maniac!

"You shall have no interview with my sister," said the count, with a hideous oath, bringing his clinched fist down upon his outstretched palm.

(A long, wailing shriek, so low that no other one heard it, came to my ears.)

"You make that decision final?" asked the officer.

(A horrid "Ha! ha!" from far inside the castle crept down through the oppressive silence.)

"It is final," said the count.

The young officer made some slight gesture; it was so quickly and unobtrusively done that I failed to comprehend its exact nature; but in a moment every officer had a pistol in hand, and the count and his servants were looking into the muzzles. The authorities so far misunderstood me as to give me the full and undivided benefit of one of these weapons; it seemed a very large hole, a very large hole indeed, which was turned so firmly towards my face; it seemed a very giant who held the horrid thing.

"If it is necessary to do so, I shall put some of you in irons," said the young man, who had things in charge. "Is it?" He turned to the count with this question.

"Certainly not," answered that individual. "I have remonstrated against what you have done and what you are doing; I have objected to an intrusion upon my sister; I protest against the needless and lawless presumption you have manifested; but it will not be necessary for you to use force. I shall use my influence with those in authority, though, and you may find that my influence outweighs the youthful—"

The officer made a gesture of impatience.

"That will do," he said; "I only care now to know whether you will permit the interview with the Lady Ilga, and—"

"I shall permit it."

"And such examination and investigation as I may think best?"

"Subject to my protest, yes."

"Then there is only one thing more to say. My men are ordered to deal as harshly as circumstances make necessary with every attempt at treachery. No one must complain, later, that no warning was given."

The count bowed his head.

"You all understand?" persisted the officer, addressing the servants.

There was a general assent.

"And you, Mr. Sylvester?" turning to me.

"I do," I replied.

"Send for the Lady Ilga," was the command of the man in authority.

(To be continued.)

THE RAILWAY STRIKE IN EAST ST. LOUIS.

THE employment of armed desperadoes by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, for the purpose of protecting property, resulted, on the afternoon of Friday, the 9th instant, in a bloody tragedy at the East St. Louis railroad yards. Eight special deputy sheriffs, armed with Winchester rifles and revolvers of mighty calibre, were on guard at the Louisville and Nashville yards, where 200 or 300 people, some strikers and some mere chance bystanders, had gathered to watch the proceedings and the efforts of the company to move their trains. A few women were in the crowd. The strikers made no attack, nor any move towards the destruction of property. It is said that they taunted and jeered at the deputies. Possibly they threw some pebbles, as the crowd did at the policemen in New York, during the recent strike on the horse-car lines. The St. Louis deputies replied with deadly bullets. Leveling their rifles upon the crowd, they fired two volleys, which stretched out five men dead, and mortally wounded one woman, who died immediately afterwards. Several other persons were injured. Only one man amongst the victims was a striker.

The deputies, fearing the vengeance of the people, turned and ran away in the direction of the bridge over the Mississippi to St. Louis. On their way they met Mayor Joyce, of East St. Louis, who, with two or three officers, tried to stop them. Again they raised their weapons. One of the ruffians held the muzzle of his rifle close to the Mayor's breast, and pulled the trigger. A policeman knocked the weapon aside just in time to

save the Mayor's life; but the bullet struck an in-offensive man who chanced to be passing, and a seventh victim was added to the number killed by the deputies. The latter then escaped to St. Louis, and took refuge in the City Prison at the Four Courts, where they are now in custody.

Wild excitement ensued in East St. Louis. A large number of men ran to secure arms, with the avowed purpose of wreaking vengeance upon the deputies who remained in the town. The latter, thoroughly scared, fled to a man, leaving the railway property unprotected. Mayor Joyce, meanwhile, had caused all the saloons to be closed, and warned the people against violence. A crowd of excited men gathered in the square between the City Hall and police station, where one Dwyer—a person of no good repute, and not a Knight of Labor—began to harangue them in a bloodthirsty manner. It would have taken but little more to incite them to follow his advice to "Kill and burn!" But at this critical moment John W. Hayes, the one-armed member of the General Executive Committee of the Knights of Labor, accompanied by Mr. Brown, of St. Louis, and other members of the Order, arrived upon the scene. Hayes and Brown each made an impassioned appeal to the men, imploring them, in the name of their great Order, to keep quiet, and not to act rashly at the bidding of irresponsible incendiaries, who would lead them to ruin.

The courage and coolness of Mr. Hayes and his fellow Knights had its effect. Dwyer was discredited, and the crowd no longer talked of killing and hanging. The excitement was too great, however, to be suddenly calmed; and after dark the frenzied mob applied the torch to some cars in the freight-yards. Forty-two cars were burned, and the lumber-yards, oil-house and scale-house of the Cairo Short Line were destroyed. The arrival, towards midnight, of militia dispatched by Governor Oglesby, prevented further destruction of property.

By Saturday noon, the dingy little town of East St. Louis was like a captured city. Five hundred soldiers were quartered there. Their tents were set up in convenient fields, and guards paced to and fro in the streets. A Gatling gun had been stationed to command the main switch-crossing. The saloons and many of the stores were closed.

There was no renewal of violence. The Knights pursued the battle by peaceable means. They paid close attention to the examination of the eight murderous deputies (who were released from prison upon bail furnished by the railroad managers) with the object of prosecuting them in case the authorities fail to do so. They also issued a circular to the traveling public, warning them that travel on the Gould railway system was dangerous on account of the withdrawal of the force of skilled workmen—an assertion which the railroad officials contradicted. An attempt made by an unknown person to set fire to the Missouri Pacific freight depot at West Kansas City, and an assault upon a laborer of the same company, were recorded on Tuesday. In East St. Louis, on the 15th, a military sentinel was fired upon by ruffians lying in ambush, but no harm was done. On the same day an attempt was made to wreck a train on the Pittsburg Road, between East St. Louis and Belleville. With these exceptions, all was outwardly quiet. Under the protection of the troops, business in the East St. Louis yards was resumed to a considerable extent before the end of the week, and a few of the strikers returned to work.

The Knights of Labor, while anxious to submit their grievances to arbitration, signified no intention of ending the strike under other conditions. An interesting letter from Mr. Powderly to Mr. Gould, and the latter's reply to the same, were published on Thursday. The Master Workman of the Knights asserts that if the strike is continued, it will be Mr. Gould's fault. Mr. Gould denies the responsibility, assumes that he is threatened with personal violence and persecution, and throws himself upon the protection of the laws of the country.

The Knights propose to provide for the maintenance of the strikers and their families. Voluntary subscriptions came in last week at the rate of something like \$3,000 a day. Mr. Powderly has issued an appeal to the brotherhood, which he is confident will at once raise \$100,000, while ten times that amount will be forthcoming if needed.

The business men of St. Louis have given a practical form to their wish to have the strike settled by arbitration. They held a mass-meeting, at which it was proposed to have the trouble adjusted by a board of arbitrators composed of three representatives selected by themselves, three by the Knights of Labor, and three by the managers of the Gould system. The two former bodies have already chosen their representatives, and now await the action of the railroad officials.

PASCHAL LILIES.

THE joyous festival of the Resurrection falls this year upon the latest possible date—namely, the 25th of April; the rule being that when the paschal full moon happens upon a Sunday, as was in this instance the case, Easter Day is the Sunday after. It will not so fall again until the year 1943.

The later Easter, the more flowers and sunshine! Easter lilies deck the altars; roses, violets, tulips, magnonette, pinks, palms and evergreens strew the morning's path. Fair humanity, too, has decked itself in its finest array. Sweet and glad voices sing in the church-choir; and full-toned orchestras fill the great cathedrals with the most celestial music that religion has inspired. The bells, which since the solemn midnight of Holy Thursday have not been heard—according to the French legend, ringing their Alleluia in the far blue heavens, while borne by angels to Rome—now peal forth their loudest carol, proclaiming over the household the joyful tidings, "He is risen!"

Jupiter Pluvius—in consideration, possibly, of the pagan origin of some of our popular Easter observances—rarely overshadows the festival with cloud and shower. Let us hope that next Sunday he will exercise his accustomed forbearance.

HOW SOME CONGRESSMEN LIVE.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the New York Tribune says: "Speaker Carlisle makes his headquarters every year at the Riggs House, where he occupies a modest suite of rooms. He is rarely seen in society. He prefers the company of a few intimate friends to the promiscuous gathering of official circles. Punctually at ten in the morning his carriage conveys him to Capitol Hill, and fifteen minutes after the adjournment of the House he is back in his room.

"The Speaker's trusted friend and principal lieutenant, Colonel Morrison, follows the example of his chief, and lives at a hotel. For years he has been a familiar figure at Willard's. You can see him there almost any night seated on a sofa

in the public lobby, his arm cast affectionately around the neck of some crony, or with surly mien drawing figures with his cane on the marble floor in front of him, just as the humor takes him. He is communicative and reticent by turns. He will "raise his elbow" (I believe that is the phrase) quite frequently in the course of an evening, but not to excess, and the exercise loosens his tongue wonderfully. He then becomes actually entertaining. For the moment he even forgets all about the tariff, the free list and horizontal reduction. It was in one of these moments that he told a friend how a political rival of his had started the story once that he (Bill Morrison) had drawn \$75,000 of the people's money since he was in public life, and that it was time now for some one else to have a chance in the district. The story had some effect upon the voters. "Just think—\$75,000! It sounded like a big sum. What had become of it, sure enough? How was he to meet the charge? Finally the doughty colonel went in despair to Mrs. Morrison: 'There is some blankety-blank fool running round the district,' said he, 'with the yarn that I have drawn \$75,000 out of the public treasury since I was in Congress, and that it is about time I should quit and give some one else a show. The trouble is, what the rascal says is true; but what I want to know is, what has become of the money?'

"Well, my dear," returned the statesman's wife, smiling, 'you paid more than half of the \$75,000 for board in Washington.'

"Sure enough," said Colonel Morrison, in relating his experience to a friend; 'when I came to figure it out, I found that I had paid nearly \$40,000 for board, and, after finding that out, I didn't care much about how the rest had gone.' Colonel Morrison's constituents didn't either, evidently, for they returned him promptly to Congress, shortly afterwards.

Morrison's political rival in the House, Samuel J. Randall, is almost a recluse. He lives on Capitol Hill in a modest little house of his own, which he leaves early in the morning to go to the Capitol, and to which he returns late in the evening, only to continue the labors of the day. The house is plainly, not to say shabbily, furnished. It is of the marble-top, centre-table, Deerfield Massacre, and Pocahontas kind, and it seems to lack cheerfulness. The individuality of the owner has not left its impress there. It might be the home of a well-to-do mechanic, some young parson whose attic is still filled with the slippers worked by admiring young women of the parish, some small tradesman who has never gone beyond the limits of a country town, rather than the home of one of the greatest political factors in his party, and possibly this country. If you call on Mr. Randall in the evening you are likely to find him seated in his dining-room, at a table from which the cloth has just been removed, immersed already in documents, files and papers, from which he will not rise until the bell from a neighboring church-tower has proclaimed the small hours of the night. His features betray the glow of midnight oil. He is a sufferer, moreover, from gout. But he has an iron will, which makes him rise superior to physical suffering and commands the respect of even his bitterest political enemies.

"Another sufferer is Hewitt, of New York. His trouble is insomnia. He can find no rest at night. The slightest noise disturbs him. It makes him irritable and a hypochondriac. To secure perfect quiet he has rented an entire house in a noiseless quarter of the town. This he shares with an old servant who takes care of him. His family, I believe, do not accompany him this Winter, and have not for some Winters past. I can imagine no more melancholy picture than this old man, as I have seen him, seated in the long narrow parlor of his house, by the flicker of a single light, the shadows of passers-by in the street chasing each other on the bare walls, entertaining a visitor or listening to the tale of some constituent of his. As midnight approaches he ascends, solitary and alone, the stairs to a back room in the attic, to escape the noise of the street and seek rest and quiet. His house is like a living tomb."

BY RAIL TO MERV.

THE New York Sun says: "Five years and one month ago O'Donovan made his famous horseback journey to Merv, returning after five months' residence there to give us our first detailed description of the Merv oasis. It is only two years ago that Russian Cossacks raised their flag above the Kala fortress and proclaimed the 230,000 residents of the oasis to be subjects of the white Czar. The rush of events has now brought the locomotive almost to the banks of the Murghab River, and we are likely any day to hear that the Merv oasis, recently one of the least known and most mysterious parts of the world, has been joined at last by iron rails to the civilization of the West.

"We will carry the road to Merv this Spring, and to the Oxus before the close of the year," said General Annenkoff, the Russian engineer, in February. At last accounts the roadbed was completed to Merv, the tracks were laid to within one hundred miles of the oasis, stations and bridges were building, and grading for the road between Merv and the Oxus was about to begin. The Emir of Bokhara had agreed to provide material for a wooden bridge across the Oxus, and next year the road is to be pushed on to Bokhara, Samarcand and Tashkend, making a continuous track east of the Caspian Sea as long as the roads that connect New York with Chicago.

"This is the railroad that, when war clouds a year or so ago were lowering over England and Russia, extended scarcely two hundred miles east of the Caspian. Under the stimulus of that threatened trouble the road was rapidly pushed forward, soldiers and laborers digging side by side. For a time the road grew even at night, when electric lights illumined the work of track-laying. Stretching over almost level, sandy wastes, no engineering difficulties have been met, few cuttings or bridges are needed, and the line will therefore be one of the cheapest railroads ever built.

"Russia's project," said the Governor-general of the Caucasus a while ago, 'is to reclaim the four great oases of Russian Central Asia.' She is carrying out her design as rapidly as any people could do. Even more wonderful than this great railroad skirting the dreary Kara Kum Desert is the vivifying effect which the enterprise and its Russian promoters produce upon that hitherto almost changeless region. Askabad has become an important Russian colony and a bustling little mart, and near the old fort at Merv a young city is rising. Houses, many of them inhabited by Russian colonists, are springing up there as if by magic, and soon, according to General Annenkoff, it will be a fine town, 'with broad streets and pavements, and avenues planted with trees.' The 50,000 Russians in the oasis regions of Central Asia are evidence that no nation knows better than Russia how to repopulate new countries or

to reconcile the natives to the yoke of the conqueror. Half of the little City of Merv is Russian to-day, and the other inhabitants are beginning to appropriate the language, the dress and the customs of the invaders. 'The Government of the Czar,' says the Persian journal *Shams*, 'is sparing neither silver, presents, honors nor flattery to make true Russians of the Mervs.' The chiefs have been told that their sons will be sent to acquire the learning of the West in the schools of St. Petersburg as soon as they can speak a little Russian; and to accelerate their progress in this language, schoolbooks printed both in the Russian and Persian tongues have been placed in their hands.

"It is thus that Russia is extending her influence and increasing her power in her Central Asian possessions. Her great railroad enterprise is first of all a military necessity, but without a doubt it is destined in time to become of large commercial importance. The commerce of Turkestan, amounting in 1884 to 23,000,000 roubles, has doubled since 1866, and the Russians assert that this trade will very largely expand when their new railroad taps the rich valleys of Zerifshan, where 30,000 Russians have found new homes, and makes Tashkend, Khokand and Samarcand easily accessible from Europe. The road now nearing Merv will almost revolutionize the conditions of life in a vast region. A branch road will in time very likely extend to Herat, and the Russians themselves are directing the attention of England to the fact that if the English will extend the road they are now building through the Bolan Pass to join the Russian line at the northern frontier of Afghanistan, London will be placed within ten or twelve days' reach of Calcutta by rail."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE Grant Monument Fund in New York amounts to \$120,254; the Hancock fund to \$43,042.

CITIZENS of Monrovia, Liberia, West Africa, have sent a contribution of \$39 to the Grant Monument Fund.

BRITISH Congregationalists and Baptists here are discussing a project of fusion, and a convention next month will deliberate on the subject and outline a plan.

THE longevity of women who are fortunate enough to marry soldiers is shown in the fact that our pension rolls bear the names of about 20,000 widows of the veterans of 1812.

SWITZERLAND looks with scorn on a beggarly little centennial celebration. Next July she will have the semi-millennial celebration, when a monument will be erected on the battlefield near Lucerne, where Arnold Winkelreid "made way for liberty and died."

It is thought that the adoption of a prohibitory amendment to the Rhode Island Constitution will seriously cripple the business of the Newport hotels. A vigorous effort is to be made by the liquor-dealers of the State to have the amendment set aside on the ground that the election was irregular.

"Down in Georgia," says the Rev. Sam Jones, "they have a long-necked gourd and a pine-knot at the country springs. They drink out of the gourd, and the pine-knot is to hit on the pine-box of the spring to scare the wiggle-tails down so they can dip up a drink. How many of our ministers are using pine-knots?"

ACCORDING to a medical report just published, the cattle plague continues to ravage various parts of Russia. Within a period of five years, from 1876 to 1880, the loss is estimated at no less than 1,208,500 head of horned cattle; but even these figures, based upon official information, are considered far below the real number.

KURGANOWSKI, a Justice of the Peace of the Province of Perni, in Russia, while holding court was twice interrupted by his wife, once with the announcement that dinner was ready and again that the soup was getting cold, whereupon he fined her three roubles for disturbing the dignity of his court, and then paid the money from his own pocket.

THE French naval authorities have hit upon a novel use for their obsolete ironclads. The antiquated *Armide* was recently towed out to sea and allowed to drift while six great men-of-war steamed about, firing at her at different ranges. The vessel was then towed in and the effects carefully examined. This is said to be the first use made of a moving target by the French.

LETTERS received by the last Chinese mail by agents of the Six Companies in Portland, Oregon, state that an English, German and Chinese syndicate have entered into contract with the Mexican Government whereby the syndicate agrees to send 600,000 Chinamen within the next twelve months, the Mexican Government agreeing to give each Chinaman twenty acres of land.

THE Italian Government have lately deposited 500,000 fry in Lake Como, with the view of replenishing the stock of fish. It is the intention of the Government to adopt similar measures in regard to other important lakes. They also have resolved to undertake the propagation of lobsters artificially, thus reviving a branch of fish-culture which previously existed in Italy.

HERB PFENNY, the famous Hungarian duelist, celebrated his thirty-fifth duel recently by a grand banquet. Nobody was admitted as a guest unless he had been at least six times "on the ground." Most of the persons present bore faces gauched and scarred from past encounters; some of them were lacking an eye, other were minus an ear. One French gentleman was conspicuous by the absence of his nose, which had been left years before on the field of honor by a cut from the sword of the late Austrian Prime Minister, Count Andrassy. The banquet was presided over by a professional beauty of Buda-Pesth, and was entitled, "The banquet of the gentlemen without fear and without reproach."

THE popular notion that the inhabitants of Chinese cities are given to unwholesome habits does not seem to be well founded. Dr. Dudgeon, in a recent work on the diet, dress and dwellings of the Chinese, says that the people have admirably adapted themselves to their surroundings, and enjoy a maximum of comfort. "They have a good many lessons yet to teach us in respect of living and practical health." After an experience of over twenty years with them, he says that "they are subject to fewer diseases, their diseases are more amenable to treatment, and they possess a greater freedom from acute and inflammatory affections of all kinds, if, indeed, these can be said to exist at all," than obtains among Western nations.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL is to become British chaplain at Boulogne.

SENATOR MORRILL was seventy-six years old on the 14th instant.

DENIS KEARNEY has turned himself loose again in the sand-lots of San Francisco.

MRS. GERSTER, lately an invalid, is back in Paris, rosy with health and in brilliant voice.

MR. STEAD, of *Pall Mall Gazette* notoriety, is now lecturing in England on "Social Purity."

SECRETARY MANNING is much better, and expects to assume direction of the Treasury Department in a few weeks.

A BANQUET was given to M. Pasteur, in Paris, on the 14th inst. Mr. McLean, the American Minister, presided.

D. R. LOCKE (Petroleum V. Nasby) has been elected an Alderman of the City of Toledo on the Law-and-order ticket.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner," is to have a \$15,000 monument in Baltimore. The State will erect it.

It is again positively asserted that President Cleveland will, next Summer, marry Miss Frances Folsom, of Buffalo, who is now in Italy.

THE bondsmen of Elder George Q. Cannon, of Utah, have paid the bail of \$25,000 which he forfeited. One of the bondsmen was Bishop Sharp.

MISS CLEVELAND will not tolerate smoking in the Blue Room. She doesn't mean to have it blue with smoke, if she can help it, and she thinks she can.

THE House of Representatives last week rejected the claim of Frank Hurd, of Ohio, to a seat in that body, giving the seat to Mr. Romeis, Republican, by a vote of 168 to 105.

EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR is still quite feeble, but hopes are entertained that he will be able to get out when warm weather comes. He has not been out of his house since early in February.

ELIJAH LANE, of Keene, N. H., enjoys the distinction of being the tallest man in New Hampshire. He stands six feet eight inches high, and says he is "one of the lanes that have no turns."

THE Earl of Shaftesbury, son of the noted philanthropist, committed suicide one day last week by shooting himself with a revolver while riding in a cab, in London. He was a sufferer from dyspepsia, and mentally depressed.

MR. JOSEPH PULITZER, proprietor of the New York *World*, has resigned his seat in the House of Representatives, having discovered that he cannot properly perform the duties of the position and at the same time meet the demands of his own business.

SAM JONES, the evangelist, says he is happy because he tries to do right, owes no man money and has a \$12,000 insurance policy on his life, which will go to his wife in case of any accident to him. He has one child, a little girl, of whom he is very fond.

SIR THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, Clerk of the House of Commons, has resigned his position after fifty-five years' service. He is the author of several books on Parliamentary law and practice, and of a number of historical works which have enjoyed wide popularity.

THE subscription concert given by Miss Isabella Stone, on Tuesday evening last, at Newark, N. J., was a fashionable and enjoyable entertainment. The fair beneficiary was in excellent voice, and received the compliment of numerous encores. She was ably assisted by several well-known artists, and Mr. Massett's reading gave universal satisfaction.

JOHN BROWN, the Queen's late servant, is three years gone, but not forgotten. At Windsor Castle the rooms which Brown occupied have been rigorously closed since his death, and the Queen has placed a large brass tablet in the bedroom, which bears an inscription relating how J. B. died in this room, eulogizing his virtues and deploring his loss.

THE President has withdrawn from the Senate the nomination of Orlando W. Powers, of Michigan, to be an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Utah. Judge Powers has been upon the Bench several months, but the President has become convinced that certain charges made against him are sufficiently grave to justify the withdrawal of the appointment.

MR. GLADSTONE has yielded to the pressure brought to bear by his friends, and has announced his determination to visit Scotland during the Easter recess, for the purpose of addressing his Mid-Lothian constituents on the subject of Home Rule. Arrangements are making to give him rousing receptions wherever he stops in the North, with torchlight processions, bands of music, and addresses of welcome presented by the provosts of the various towns.

"Just what I will do with Maud S," says Mr. Robert Bonner, "I have not yet decided to my own satisfaction. She will be put in as good condition as possible, but whether she will ever trot any more public trials I cannot say. Do I think she can lower her record? Well, it has never been my policy to make predictions about my own horses, but I will say that all the good judges who saw her trot in 2:08½ have told me that it was not the full measure of her speed."

In testifying in a recent suit at law, Mr. Samuel J. Tilden said, in reference to his health: "I have an affection of the larynx, which impairs the elasticity of what are called the vocal chords, so that they will not come together, and the air passes through without their helping to form words, and so reduces me to a whisper. There is no soreness nor apparent disease, but only a loss of elasticity, so that it makes me talk with great difficulty and generally in a whisper, excepting when I have a cold, under which the chords approach each other better."

SALVINI and BOOTH, the two tragic kings, are to play together. Mr. Booth at first refused to play *Iago* to the *Othello* of Salvini, because he did not wish to be thrown down and trampled under foot. "Very well," said Salvini, "I will lift you over my head." "What do you say," murmured Mr. Booth, after some delay, "to playing something else?" "I'll play *Cleopatra* in 'Hamlet' to your *Hamlet*," said the magnanimous Italian. Mr. Booth is reported to have been surprised at the offer, and, not to be outdone in generosity, promised at a later date to play *Edmund* to Salvini's *Leonor*.



EASTER MORNING.
SEE PAGE 155.



TENNESSEE.—HON. HOWELL E. JACKSON, JUDGE OF THE
U. S. SIXTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT.
PHOTO. BY BELL.

HON. HOWELL E. JACKSON,
THE NEW UNITED STATES JUDGE OF THE SIXTH CIRCUIT.

SENATOR HOWELL E. JACKSON, of Tennessee, was last week nominated, and instantly confirmed, as United States Judge for the Sixth Judicial Circuit in place of Judge John Baxter, deceased. This circuit comprises the States of Tennessee, Ohio, Michigan and Kentucky. Mr. Jackson was indorsed for the position by the entire Tennessee delegation with the exception of Senator Harris, who is Mr. Jackson's political opponent. The office is a life one, and pays \$6,000 per annum. Senator Jackson's term would have expired on the 4th of next March, and his re-election for another term in the Senate was in doubt, his political orthodoxy being somewhat questioned by the dominant party in the State. Hon. W. C. Whitthorne has been appointed to the vacant seat.

Howell Edmunds Jackson was born in Paris, Tenn., April 8th, 1832. He received a classical education, graduating from the West Tennessee College in the Summer of 1848. He afterwards took a two-years course in law at the famous Law School of the University of Virginia; he then read law under his kinsmen, Judge A. W. O. Totten and Judge Milton Brown. In 1855 he entered the Lebanon Law School, graduated the following year (1856), and was admitted to practice at the Bar of Jackson in the same year. Three years later he removed to Memphis, and engaged there in the practice of his profession. He served twice as Judge by appointment on the Supreme Bench of the State, and was quite prominent as a candidate before the nominating convention for Supreme Judge. He returned to Jackson in 1876, and was elected to the Tennessee House of Representatives as a State Credit Democrat in 1880. The same year he was elected to the United States Senate to succeed James E. Bailey, Democrat, and took his seat March 4th, 1881. He is a sound lawyer, and with the judicial experience he has already enjoyed, is believed to be well qualified for the position to which he has been advanced without any solicitation of his own.

THE TROUBLE AT THE GREENWOOD (KENTUCKY) MINES.

ON the 6th of March a body of 900 armed miners claiming to be Knights of Labor, regularly organized and commanded, surrounded and captured the Greenwood Mines, in the Cumberland Mountains of Kentucky, and demanded of State Inspector Craig that he remove the 260 convicts then working in the mines, inside of two hours, or they would destroy the mines and turn all the convicts loose. He notified them that he would have to consult with the Governor, and would give them a decision in twenty-four hours. This proposition was finally accepted, the mob agreeing to restrain from violence during the time agreed upon. Immediately upon receipt of a telegram from the scene, the Governor ordered companies of infantry from Louisville under command of Captains McPherson and Bly; Captain Veach, of Lexington; Captain Potter, of Bowling Green; Captain Cook, of Hopkinsville; and a Gatling Gun Battery under command of Lieutenant Williams, of Lexington; and although these points are in different portions of the State, and Greenwood in the mountains, within less than fourteen hours a regiment of soldiers, commanded by Adjutant-general Castleman, were fortified around the stockade containing the convicts. The rapidity of this movement demonstrates beyond question the efficiency of the Kentucky State Guard, and the wisdom of the Governor in relying upon it. Owing to the desperate determination of the miners, and their continued attacks and threats, it has been found necessary to keep a battalion on constant duty for the past month, and from the present outlook the State will



REV. JAMES M. TAYLOR, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF VASSAR
COLLEGE.
PHOTO. BY HEALD & GILES.

have to maintain a garrison of militia at this point until the labor agitation is over.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF VASSAR COLLEGE.

THE newly elected President of Vassar College, the Rev. James M. Taylor, A. M., of Providence, R. I., is a comparatively young man, having been born in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 5th, 1848. He was graduated at the University of Rochester in 1868, and at the Rochester Theological Seminary in 1871. After traveling abroad he served nine years as pastor of a Baptist church in Norwalk, Conn., and for the past four years has been a pastor in the City of Providence. He was well known to several of the Vassar trustees, besides being strongly recommended for the Presidency of the College by various professional gentlemen, who were well acquainted with him



1. Convict Stockade and Cell House. 2. Military Camp. 3. Entrance to Mine. 4. The Mine Houses.

KENTUCKY.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREENWOOD MINES, SUMMIT OF THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS, SCENE OF THE RECENT LABOR TROUBLES.
FROM PHOTOS. BY J. C. JENKS.

several of our higher institutions of learning. The choice is regarded as one that gives great promise to the future of the College. President Taylor comes of good stock, being a son of the Rev. Dr. E. E. L. Taylor, so well remembered by old residents in Brooklyn as one of the noted pastors of that city thirty-five years ago. He is a gentleman of scholarly tastes and acquisitions, of wide reading, and of administrative ability; and may be expected speedily to take his place among the successful college presidents of the country.

A GREAT AND GROWING COMPANY.

The record of THE MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION for the past year, which may be read in another column of this paper, is altogether unexampled. This Company, which has now nearly a quarter of a million dollars deposited with the New York Insurance Department—more, by a considerable sum, than any other—has been a steadily increasing surprise to all who have watched its remarkable progress. It has demonstrated the wisdom and the merit of the "new departure" in life insurance, which greatly reduces the cost without diminishing the benefits; has more than doubled in amount of new business for a year; the most successful of any of its old-line rivals; and generally has stimulated the waning interest and faith of the public in sound and sensible life insurance at moderate and actual cost. The management of the Mutual Reserve is justly entitled to high credit, for "nothing succeeds like success." The new offices of the Company in the Potter Building are among the most spacious and eligible in the city.

It is said that a bachelor can live in Richmond, Va., for \$300 a year. This shows how the cost of living has fallen in that city since the war closed. In 1863 a bachelor couldn't live a year in Richmond for less than \$13,000—in Confederate money.

TWO CASES IN VIRGINIA.

In 1884 the mails brought to Philadelphia a grateful letter from a gentleman of Lynchburg, Va., who told the story of the cure of his daughter by the use of the Compound Oxygen Treatment after being a sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism, beginning in her fourth year and lasting nine years. His letter was as follows:

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN—Dear Sirs: My daughter has been using your Compound Oxygen for five weeks. Within a week she began to show signs of improvement; since then her recovery has been remarkable. I have never seen anything to equal it. The action of the heart is quiet and soft; there has been no sign of rheumatism; she sleeps sweetly all night; has a fine appetite; has gained many pounds of flesh, and has considerable color; can walk all about the house, and has paid two or three visits in the neighborhood. Very respectfully, C. V. WINFREE."

About the time this young lady was finding relief from her inflammatory rheumatism, another lady, suffering from consumption, began the treatment. She had tried other remedies without success, and the prospects for her future were gloomy indeed.

In addition to her lung troubles she was a sufferer from curvature of the spine. Now, she can write herself a comparatively healthy woman, and the happy wife of the mayor of that city. Her story is told partly by her husband and partly in a letter from herself. We give her husband's letter below:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, LYNCHBURG, DEC. 15, 1885.
DRS. STARKEY & PALEN—Dear Sirs: In stating what your Compound Oxygen treatment has accomplished for my wife, I am discharging a debt which I feel I owe to suffering humanity.

My wife has long been in delicate health, and since her seventeenth year has been suffering from a curvature of the spine. This greatly weakened her and occasioned much pain and excessive nervousness. Notwithstanding this, she further exhausted her strength and prostrated her health by the usual round of pleasures of the fashionable world: late hours, parties, operas, and, above all, the German. The result of this course was that her health was completely prostrated, her vitality exhausted, and when on a Northern trip, in the summer of 1882, she contracted a deep cold, it settled on her lungs, and consumption was soon after the result.

During the early Fall of 1882, she began coughing considerably, and finding that she was fast losing her strength and flesh, early in January, 1883, Mrs. Manson, then Miss Field, set out from her home in Culpepper, together with her aunt and Dr. Rixey, for Philadelphia. She was then excessively nervous, could not speak louder than a whisper, and was unable to sleep at all. She saw one of the leading allopathic physicians of Philadelphia, who told her she had consumption, and that she must leave at once for Aiken, S. C. By the middle of the month she was on her way there, and did not return until May. Though seemingly benefited for some considerable period during her stay, she had repeated spells which threw her back so much that when she returned she was much worse than when she left home. Soon after her return she went on to New York and consulted an eminent physician here, who advised the phenic acid treatment, which she continued to use during the following summer, notwithstanding its extreme severity, for some time with apparent success, though in the Fall it seemed to lose its effect and she discontinued its use, returning to Aiken about the middle of November, 1884. It was then she first used the Compound Oxygen, and when I went to see her at Christmas, I found her considerably improved. I was prejudiced against the remedy, and advised her discontinuing its use, which in a great measure she did. From the beginning of the year 1884 she lost ground, till by February she was ill. I was telegraphed for, and found her suffering greatly from biliousness, fever and great weakness. I returned home to attend to some business after a six-days stay, only to be again telegraphed for. When she returned in May she was distressingly weak and thin, and though she improved some during the summer, she never was half so well as she had been the year before, and about the middle of September she took a violent cold, which confined her to her bed and promised very speedily to end her life. Indeed, for one or two days we thought she would not live to see another; she did, however, rally slightly, and

towards the end of the month insisted on going to Philadelphia to try the Compound Oxygen treatment. I opposed the plan because I thought she could only live a very little while longer, under any circumstances, and a trip to Philadelphia would only wear out the sooner her little remaining strength; besides I did not think the Compound Oxygen had done her any good at home, and I did not think she stood any better chance by going there, but she clung to the idea as though it were her last hold on life. Finally I consented to her going only because I thought she would be better satisfied, and not because I had the slightest hope of her improvement. In her first letter after seeing Dr. Starkey (it was only a few lines scrawled with a pencil), she wrote me that Dr. Starkey said she would have to stay there two weeks before he could say whether the treatment would benefit her. Before the time had elapsed she was feeling much stronger, and her appetite was far better, and by Christmas she could walk a dozen blocks. She remained in Philadelphia till April, having during that time but one bad turn, which, however, threw her back considerably. Since her return my wife has used the Home Treatment with continued benefit. Her weight in January, 1884, when she had been with you three months, was ninety-five and a half pounds, and that was a great improvement on her condition when she went to you. The last time she was weighed here her weight was one hundred and fifteen pounds. When she went to Philadelphia she could scarcely walk across the floor without assistance; she can now walk a mile and ride back for five miles. She then coughed nearly all the time, with a good deal of expectoration. Her cough is now much better, though it still clings to her, and the quantity of expectoration is comparatively small.

Her great improvement seems to me almost miraculous, and I attribute it to the Compound Oxygen, aided by a systematic, prudent life, and the abandonment of drugs.

I fear I have written much more fully than you desired I should, but I have hoped that what I have said would be of some benefit to suffering humanity. With kindly remembrance, I am

Very truly, your friend,
N. C. MANSON, JR.

There are very many people interested in the treatment which has done so much for these two ladies in Virginia. If you wish fuller information send to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, for their treatise, which is sent free to every applicant.

EMMA goes to school, but dislikes it very much. A lady friend of the family questioned her on the subject: "Emma, what do you do in school?" "Do you learn to read?" Emma shakes her head. "Do you learn to write?" Another shake. "Then what do you do?" "I wait for it to be out."

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is more Nutritious and Strengthening than any other combined or single remedy. The Medical Profession universally prescribe it in Consumption, and all wasting conditions, with splendid results.

"ALL MEN ARE LIARS."

SAID David of old. He was probably prompted to make the above remark after trying some unreliable catarrh remedy. Had he been permitted to live until the present day, and tried Dr. SAGE'S REMEDY, he might have had a better opinion of mankind. We claim that no case of catarrh can withstand the magic effects of this wonderful medicine. One trial of it will convince you of its efficacy. By druggists; fifty cents.

The character of the Confections of CROFT & ALLEN, of Philadelphia, is so well known, that it would seem a work of supererogation to speak of them; but as they have lately introduced some very choice novelties that are, if such is possible, superior to anything heretofore known, we cannot refrain from mentioning them particularly after having had the exquisite pleasure of indulging in such happy concoctions as "Diplomats," "Nicholine," "Rainbow Croquettes," and "Nelson Chocolates." That the compounding of choice confections is an art no one will deny after having once tasted their "Maple Walnut," "Jim Crows," "Maraschino," etc. From very small beginnings this firm has reached the front rank in their line, and solely from two causes: first, close and constant attention to the details of their business and the wants of their customers; second, by studying the tastes of their customers, the introduction of novelties, and a fixed rule that nothing but the purest confections shall leave their establishment.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

DELICATE diseases of either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Book 11 cents in stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS is a household word all over the world. For over 50 years it has advertised itself by its merits. It is now advertised to warn the public against counterfeits. The genuine article is manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

A PRIZE IN THE LOTTERY

Of life which is usually unappreciated until it is lost, perhaps never return, is health. What a priceless boon it is, and how we ought to cherish it, that life may not be a worthless blank to us! Many of the diseases that flesh is heir to, and which make life burdensome, such as consumption (scrofula of the lungs), and other scrofulous and blood diseases, are completely cured by Dr. R. V. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" after all other remedies have failed. Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption mailed for 10 cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, FOR SICK HEADACHE.

Dr. N. S. READ, Chicago, says: "I think it is a remedy of the highest value in many forms of mental and nervous exhaustion, attended by sick headache, dyspepsia and diminished vitality."

NOTHING VENTURE—NOTHING WIN.

As a phase of life in the Crescent City, it will instruct many to know that certainly the 190th Monthly and the Grand Quarterly Drawing of The World-famed Louisiana Lottery came off with its accustomed promptness, at New Orleans, on Tuesday, March 16th, when \$222,500 was showered everywhere. The result will interest at least the winning parties; the rest can wait until the next time for their share of luck. The First Capital (\$150,000) was sold in ten parts at \$1 each—won by No. 78,040—two of which (\$30,000) was collected for the account of Merchants' National Bank of Cincinnati, O.; one (\$15,000) was held by Olaf Anderson, No. 410 Chestnut St., San Francisco, Cal.; another tenth was paid to Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal.; the remainder went to parties in Omaha, Neb.; etc., etc. The Second Capital Prize of \$50,000, was won by ticket No. 10,057, and was collected as a whole for a party by Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal. The Third Capital Prize (\$20,000) was won by No. 46,742—was sold in ten parts at \$1 each—one to John Graves, No. 418 E. Seventy-ninth St., New York city; one to C. Kurtz, Cincinnati, O.; one to C. L. Young, London, Ky.; paid through First National Bank of Stanford, Ky.; one to J. C. Martin, St. Helena, Cal.; another was deposited as cash in Canal Bank, N. O., La., etc., etc. The Fourth Two Capital Prizes (\$10,000 each) won by Nos. 44,231 and 54,154—sold also in ten parts at \$1—one to J. E. Prescott, San Antonio, Texas; one to Ely Oppenheimer, Columbia, Mo.; one to Frank Tisser, 339 Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; one to John Cartwell, Evansville, Ind.; one to Max Wendt, 1,509 Leavenworth St., San Francisco, etc., etc.—Nashville (Tenn.) American.



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Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable. For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE and PIMPLE REMEDY, the infallible skin medicine. Send for circular. BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR. A Wonderful Cure for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Croup and Whooping Cough. Banishes Coughs and Colds where other remedies have failed. Keep in readiness. 8 sizes—25c., 50c., \$1. Of all druggists. Beware of counterfeits.

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SUTHERLAND SISTERS Hair Grower. The only positive Cure for Baldness and to stop Hair from falling out. An elegant Hair Dressing, a sure Hair promoter: will permanently stop Hair from falling out; a preparation free from irritating matter. Don't fail to try it. Prepared by the 7 Sutherland Sisters, Lockport, N. Y. New York Office, 20 West 14th Street. Sold by all Druggists. Send for Circular of Testimonials.

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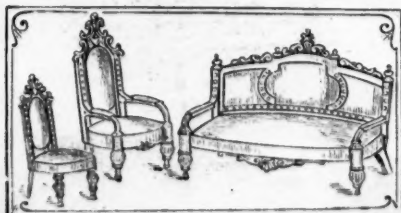
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On above date there will be issued "The People's Atlas of the World." This book will have a very large and rapid sale, and agents desiring choice territory must apply at once.

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A MOST DELICIOUS AND ELEGANT 1 Pound Box For \$1. CANDY. Postage Paid. CROFT & ALLEN, 1226 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Humors,

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Can be
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Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1: six bottles, \$5.

\$1.25 will buy a gallon of our paint ready mixed to use, made of the best old-fashioned materials that money will buy—White Lead, Zinc, Linseed Oil, Turpentine and Drier. All the usual colors. Will do the work of \$3.50 worth of White Lead and Linseed Oil bought at retail. Do it better and outwear it three times over. If your dealer refuses to order these goods for you, send to us direct for a sample gallon. After one trial you will use our Paints for life. Sold only in gallon cans, on which is our label. THE F. J. NASH MANUFACTURING CO., Nyaack, Rockland County, New York.

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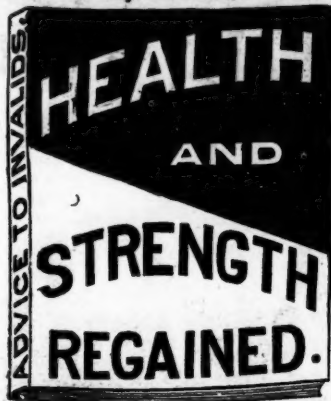
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Small size, 10¢ each. Large size, 20¢ each.

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RESULTS OF 1885 IN A NUTSHELL.

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A SUGGESTIVE COMPENDIUM OF THE TREASURER'S REPORT:

RECEIPTS.	
Balance December 31st, 1884.....	\$ 275,652.44
Total net receipts from all assessments during year 1885.....	1,129,928.55
Interest credited to the death fund account during 1885.....	6,954.82
Total receipts.....	1,136,883.37
	\$1,412,535.81
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Total amount death claims paid during year 1885	\$ 838,675.00
Balance.....	\$ 573,860.71

The Association has just deposited an additional \$100,000 of United States Bonds with the New York Insurance Department, making \$300,000 on deposit to the credit of the Organization at Albany. Besides this, it has \$50,000 deposited with the Canadian Insurance Department. These facts and figures speak for themselves. He that runs may read.

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